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OCT 28 1953

Screenland

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ESTHER WILLIAMS

for Fragrance for Fashion for Fall

Tweed and Pippin Red Set the Fashion Trend

In the middle of the news picture are wonderful fall fashion tips to add color, flair and fragrance to the way you'll look this season.

Tweed... the crisp, fresh perfume that's so very right with fall clothes. Lipstick... luscious Pippin Red, in Lenthéric's fabulous Sta-Put formula.

A handwoven Irish Tweed stole created by Lady Austin Tweeds for Salon Lenthéric... Glentex scarf... Wear-Right gloves... Marvella jewelry... and hat by famed designer Walter Florell.

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Tweed and Pippin Red

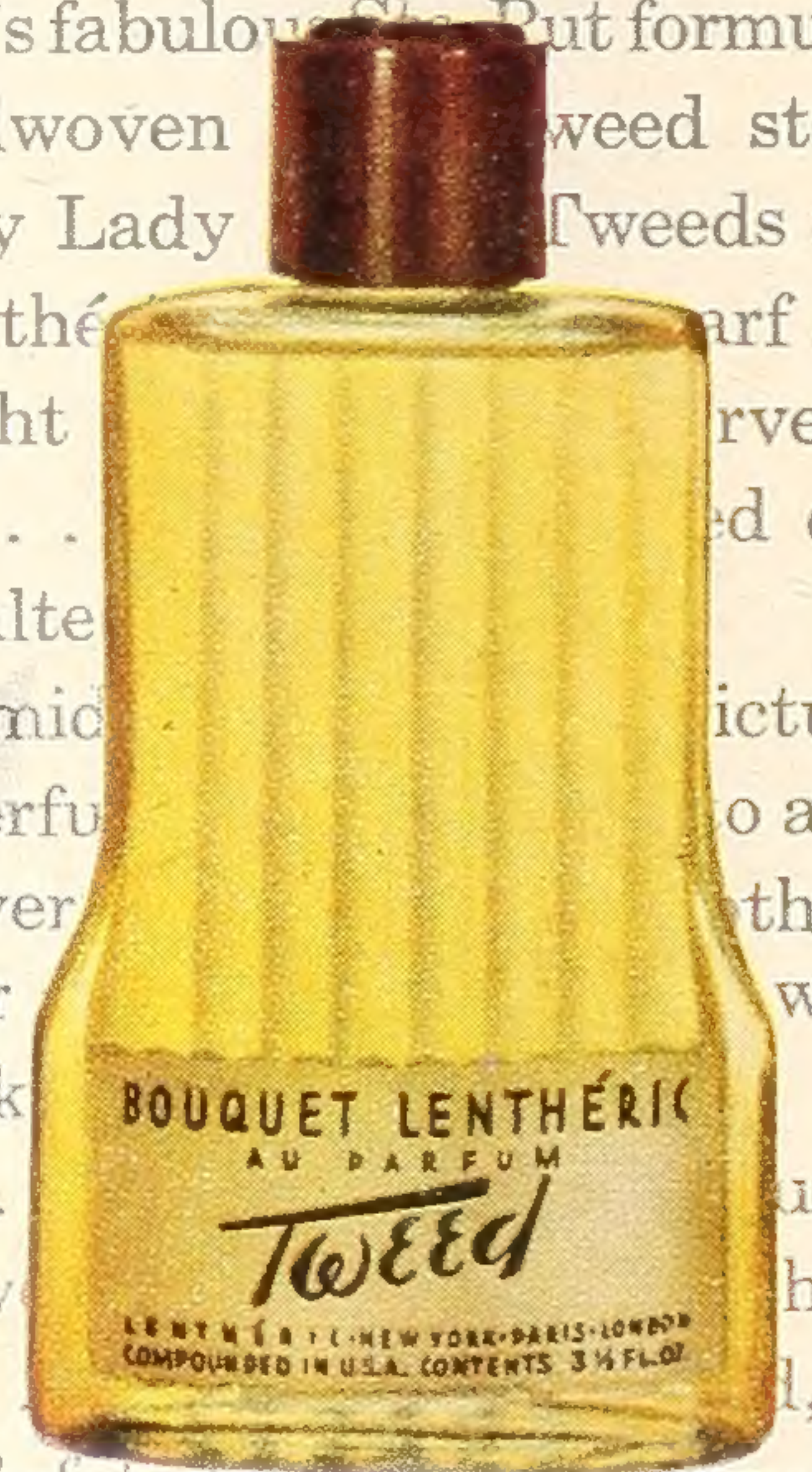
Tweed—the crisp, fresh fragrance

you can wear anytime, anywhere—**125 to 5750**

Pippin Red—fall's brightest fashion

in *Sta-Put lipstick—**100**

prices plus tax *trademark



Hillman-Minx Car Makes Fashion News

Another fashion first for Hillman-Minx this fall... a new Pippin Red model featuring Tweed slipcovers. (Imagine a car to match your lipstick and your perfume!) Like the fashionable young lady in our illustration, you, too, can be on the lookout for the smart new Hillman-Minx appearing on the fashion horizon.

OCT 28 1953
3472
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"Keep that soft misty glamour

RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR TOES,"

says Ava Gardner



Ava Gardner, star of
M-G-M's Technicolor
MOGAMBO,
finds Bur-Mil Cameo
stockings the greatest
aid to leg flattery
since nylon itself.

PN1993
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Ava Gardner and dozens of other
M-G-M stars know that shiny stockings
pick up ugly highlights, make lovely legs
look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars
wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the
screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face
Powder Finish glamourizes their legs
with a permanently soft, misty dullness.

And Cameo adds more Leg-O-Genic
glamour with Wonder Top nylons—
the top stretches for new comfort,
the stockings fit beautifully!
Personally proportioned Bur-Mil
Cameo nylons give up to 40%
longer wear by actual test, too!

Cameo Wonder Top nylons... \$1.50
Other Cameo nylons from \$1.15 to \$1.65

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
face powder finish

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

your

Questions

Answers about Tampax

Q How is Tampax different?

A Tampax is an internal form of sanitary protection. It requires no belts, no pins, no external pads. In fact, it's invisible once it's in place.

Q What's it made of?

A Tampax is made of compressed surgical cotton in throwaway applicators.

Q Can any normal woman use Tampax?

A Absolutely! Tampax was invented by a doctor with the welfare of all women at heart.

Q What's its prime benefit?

A Tampax has so many advantages—comfort, invisibility, ease of disposal—that it's hard to single one out. The way it avoids embarrassing odor is also greatly appreciated.

Q How is Tampax packaged?

A In an inconspicuous little box. In fact Tampax is so small that a full month's supply can be carried in the purse. Your choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior.

Q Where may Tampax be purchased?

A At any drug or notion counter. Its distribution is nation-wide, and extends to 75 other countries, too. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association
4

Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Eight, Number One

November, 1953

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Fooling the M.P.'s!



The girl with a past!



“TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!”

is to the training camp
what “Battleground” was
to the shooting war!
From the same great
studio, M-G-M...and
from the same famed
producer, Dore Schary!



In vivid, realistic color by ANSCO



Starring

RICHARD WIDMARK
KARL MALDEN
CARLETON CARPENTER • RUSS TAMBLYN
and **ELAINE STEWART**

Story and Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS

Produced by DORE SCHARY

An M-G-M Picture



Laugh riot in the barracks!



Wise-guy rookie!



Boys become men!

Conditions
"Dull-Dry" Hair
 as it grooms!



CONTAINS LANOLIN! Relieves "shampoo-dry" hair and dry scalp! Keeps your hair in place...lustrous and well-groomed, *all day!*

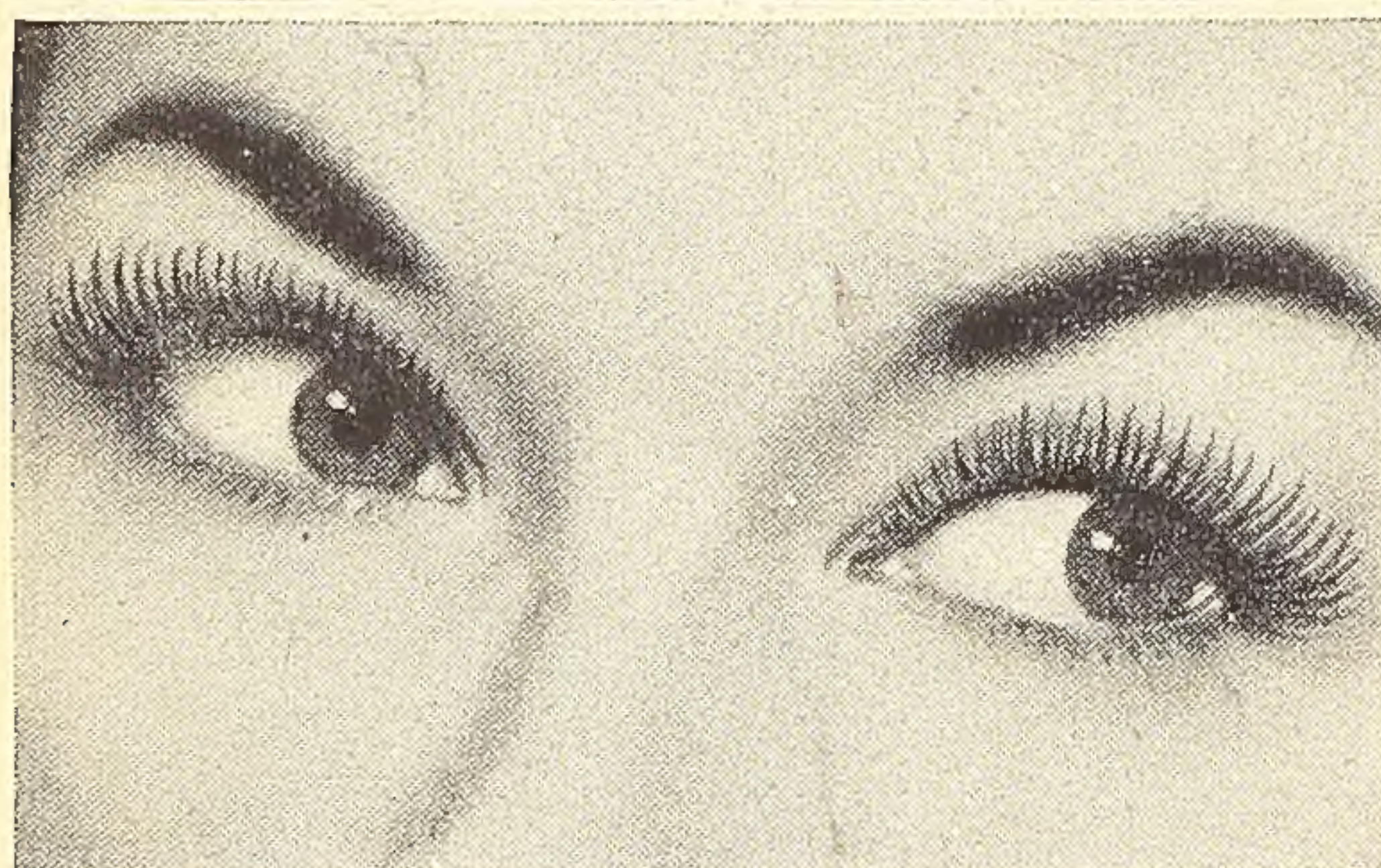
Fitch Rose Hair Dressing now gives this amazing *double-action* care for your hair:

1. **FITCH** keeps wild, dry hair sleekly groomed all day!
2. **FITCH** conditions dry scalp as you groom your hair. Contains lanolin.

20,000,000 bottles sold every year. Get Fitch Rose Hair Dressing at toilet-goods counters everywhere.

FITCH WITH
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**ROSE HAIR DRESSING
 and BRILLIANTINE**

Also Famous Fitch Hair Oil—10¢



**EYELASHES WITH A
 KURLASH® CURL LOOK
 LONGER, LOVELIER!**

Give your lashes a glorious, sweeping, lasting curl in only seconds—with KURLASH! Curled eyelashes look longer and more alluring. Curled lashes let in more light, help eyes look larger, brighter. Over 16,000,000 smart girls and women have bought KURLASH. Exclusive KURLASH clip refill snaps in and out for quick changing. Only \$1.00. Purse Pack KURLASH \$1.25. Also Available in Canada.

P. S. KURLENE Eyelash Pomade applied to lashes aids curling, lends lustre to lashes and eyebrows, gives eyelids dewy, exotic sheen. 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 plus tax at cosmetic counters everywhere.

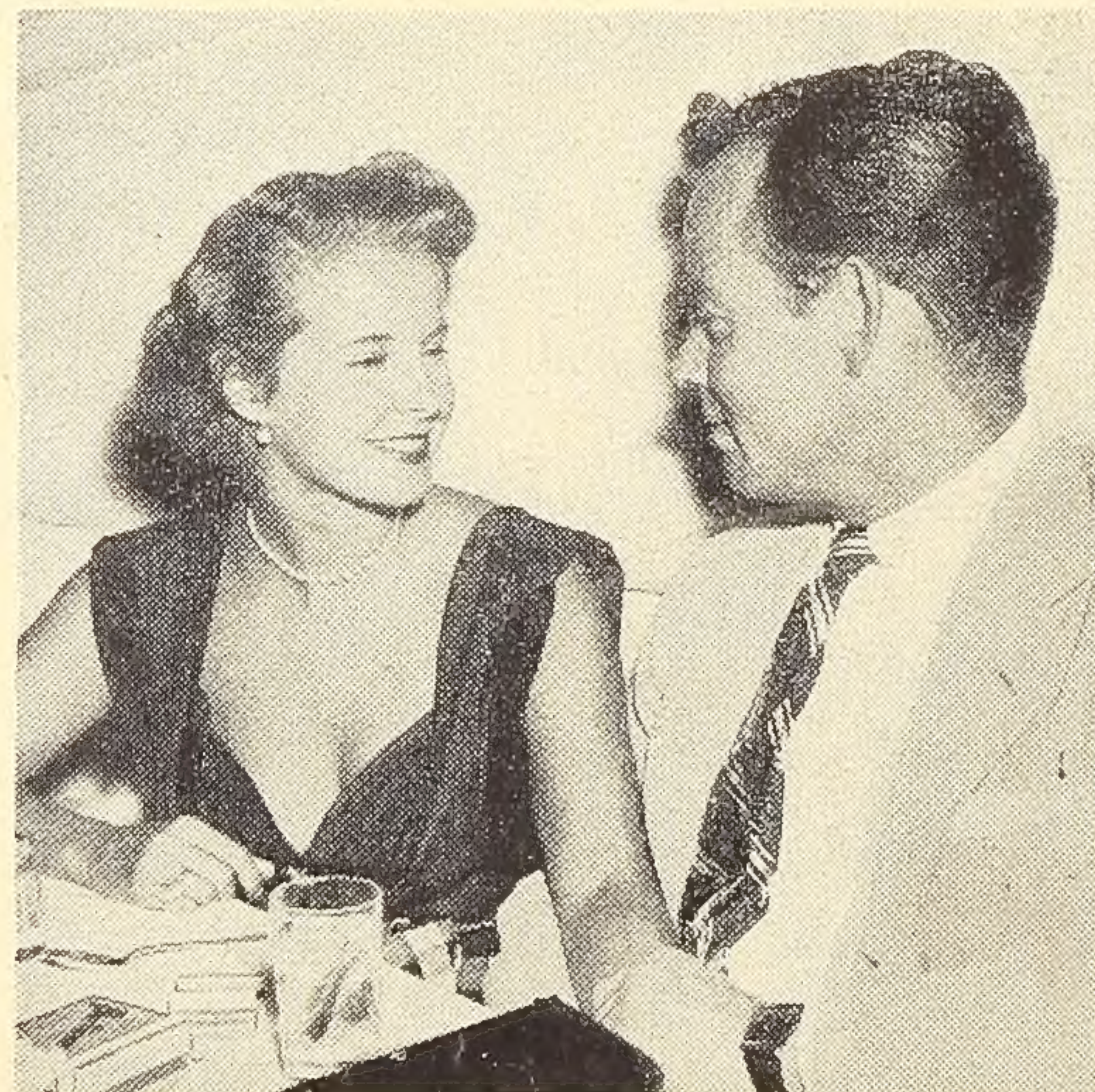
Kurlash Co. Inc.,
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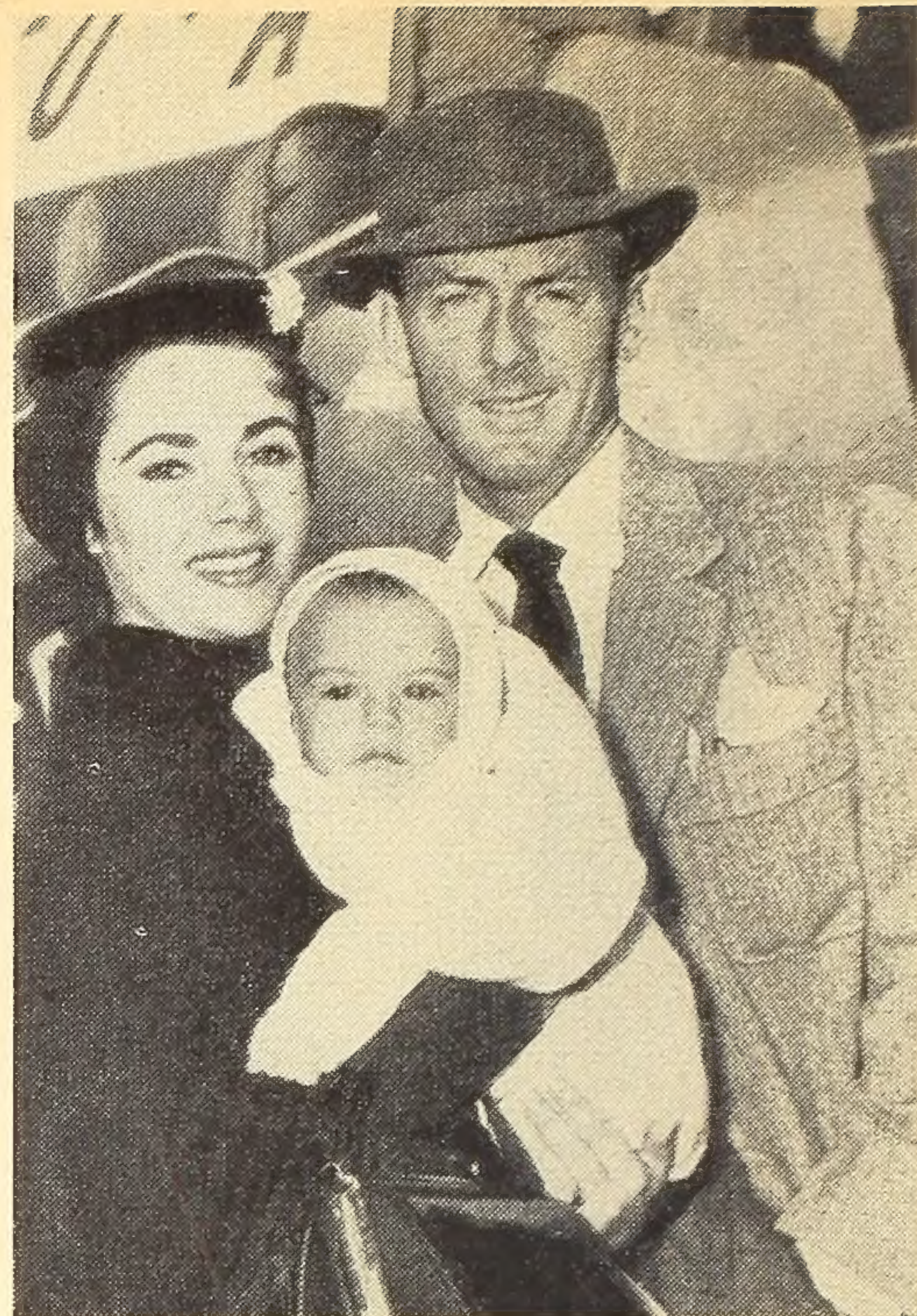
what
 hollywood
 itself
 is talking
 about!

by Lynn Bowers

OCCASIONALLY in the Hollywoods a real, genuine, honest "discovery" comes along, without any phony build-up or nothin' and I'm here to tell you that young Robert Francis, who plays *Willie Keith* in Columbia's "The Caine Mutiny" is the real article. This tall, handsome, blond 23-year-old fascinated me at lunch at The Naples, where everybody from Columbia lunches, with his story. Bob, a citizen of Pasadena and the son of a postman, just took a chance when he returned from an Army stretch in Korea and called on the talent director, Max Arnow, who had told him to drop around some time. Mr. A. took one look at our boy and said, "You are Willie Keith." Bob never really thought of being an actor, but he's sure thinking that way now. Bob has been a champ ski-boy since he was twelve. He and his brother own three ski shops at the various resorts around this area and are their own best customers. But Bob got to thinking seriously about another profession, not wanting to be what is known as a ski-bum, so he picked the next best thing—acting.



Mona Freeman and ex, Pat Nerney, are seeing each other again, may reconcile.



Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Wilding and son, off to England for family visit.

He's an imposing youngster, all six-feet-three of him, with his crew cut, beautiful speaking voice, and his immense blue eyes. The talk around town is that this boy's going to give the other fellows—Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray—a run for their dough as the most attractive male attraction of the picture.

The Hollywoods have been agog over the sensational dancing of Marge and Gower Champion, who packed 'em in at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove. It's the first time these two wonderful people have appeared in a club locally for several years and all their chums turned out to watch. Few days before they opened, we ran into Gower at the hardware store. He was buying a huge garbage can and looked a little pale and wan from a recent tonsillectomy and was kinda embarrassed that a little thing like that had laid him low for a few days.

Another thing that had Hollywood
 (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Howard Duff, estranged from wife Ida Lupino, stepping out with Gussie Moran.



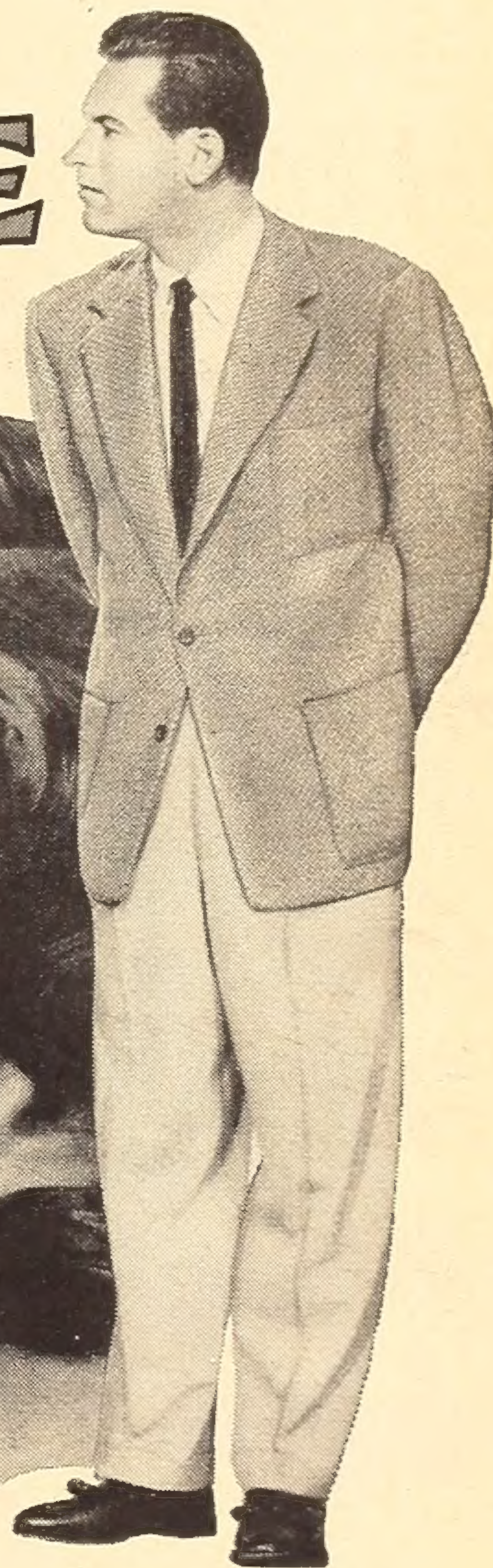
**"HI! I'm
Pat Crowley**

I haven't been in Hollywood very long but here I am a star in Paramount's new picture "Forever Female." You KNOW all the other stars in the picture but you probably don't know me from Adam! Well, maybe from Adam because I'm a girl. And that's what "Forever Female"

is all about... girls and naturally men. Jeepers, isn't that what everything is all about? But in "Forever Female" we've got a new—and very funny—slant on it.

First, there's a TRIANGLE composed of three big stars... Ginger Rogers as a glamorous Broadway actress; Paul Douglas as a producer and Ginger's last year's hubby; William Holden as a playwright and Ginger's this year's hobby. Then I step in and throw the whole thing into a QUADRANGLE! WOW! "

FOREVER FEMALE



starring
GINGER ROGERS
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PAUL DOUGLAS WITH JAMES GLEASON
AND INTRODUCING **PAT CROWLEY**

Produced by Pat Duggan
Directed by Irving Rapper • Written
by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by J. M. Barrie's play "Rosalind"
A Paramount Picture



what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



At cosmetic counters everywhere, also professionally applied in beauty salons. Available in Canada.

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**SUPER
COLOR
RINSE**

Give your hair glorious new color... surely, easily, safely with temporary Noreen, the color rinse which looks so natural and stays so effectively till shampooed out. Choose from 14 shades the one you need to make drab hair radiant, cover unwanted gray, or beautify all-gray or white hair. Noreen is different from any coloring you've ever tried...and inexpensive, too!



Pretty Kathleen Hughes is escorted to gala premiere by Charles FitzSimons.



Jack Benny, George Burns, Bob Hope on hand for Runyon Fund baseball game.



Richard Allen, Constance Smith, Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean at the ballet party.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage having themselves a time at Cocoanut Grove.

buzzing was the huge party John Carroll and Lucille Ryman flung at their beautiful farm in Chatsworth. Not only was the party a great success and fun, but there was also much excitement when John Payne and Sandy Curtis announced their engagement to the 400 people at the ball. Sandy, a very attractive and sweet girl, was once married to Alan Curtis, who died recently. Then the real bomb came when John and Lucille announced that they were parting company for good this time. They've had a few separations before but they say it's now for keeps and all their friends hope it's not true. The outdoor barbecue, with tables around the huge swimming pool, was a spectacular affair. We all sat on bales of hay and some of the kids on the hay were Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, Greg Bautzer and Mari Blanchard, Betty Reilly and Mike Connolly, Elaine Stewart, Gig Young with the lovely Mala Powers, Carole Mathews and Richard Gully. Two of the most active dancers in the huge living room were Jack Warner (*who checked his dignity at the door and just had plain ole fun*) jivin' it up with Mona Knox and Herbert

J. Yates, head of Republic Studios, who danced with practically every gal there and between times went around shooting in everybody's ear with an outer space gun, while his wife, Vera Ralston, maintained the dignity of the family.

Biggest opening night Charley Morrison's Mocambo has ever had was when Charley's protegee, Joanne Gilbert, returned for her second engagement at the club. People practically had to sit piggyback. Big excitement when Joan Crawford and Charles Walters walked in with a huge party, including Bob and Toots O'Donnell who had freshly arrived from their Interstate Theatre Circuit headquarters in Dallas. The whole gang had been to the sneak preview of Joan's new picture, "Torch Song," which Chuck Walters directed, choreographed, and appeared in as Joan's dance partner (*how talented can a boy get!*). Joan's singing all her own songs in the picture and don't let anybody tell you different.

Where were we? Oh, yep—at the Mo, hearing Joanne Gilbert sing like divine.
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

MENT ERA IS HERE !

onal photographic marvel, makes you part of the Miracle of THE ROBE . . .
ashes against the Word of God. CinemaScope's Anamorphic Lens on the newly
screen achieves life-like realism and infinite depth. CinemaScope's Stereophonic
articipation, engulfing you in the greatest story of love and faith ever told.

CINEMASCOPE

YOU SEE IT WITHOUT GLASSES



BURTON • JEAN SIMMONS • VICTOR MATURE • MICHAEL RENNIE

Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE • From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Directed by
HENRY KOSTER

Be Beautiful

Be Gay . . .

On That Bad

Weather Day



\$2⁹⁸

"MARXI-ette"
totes[®]

with eye-catching tassels in your favorite team's colors.

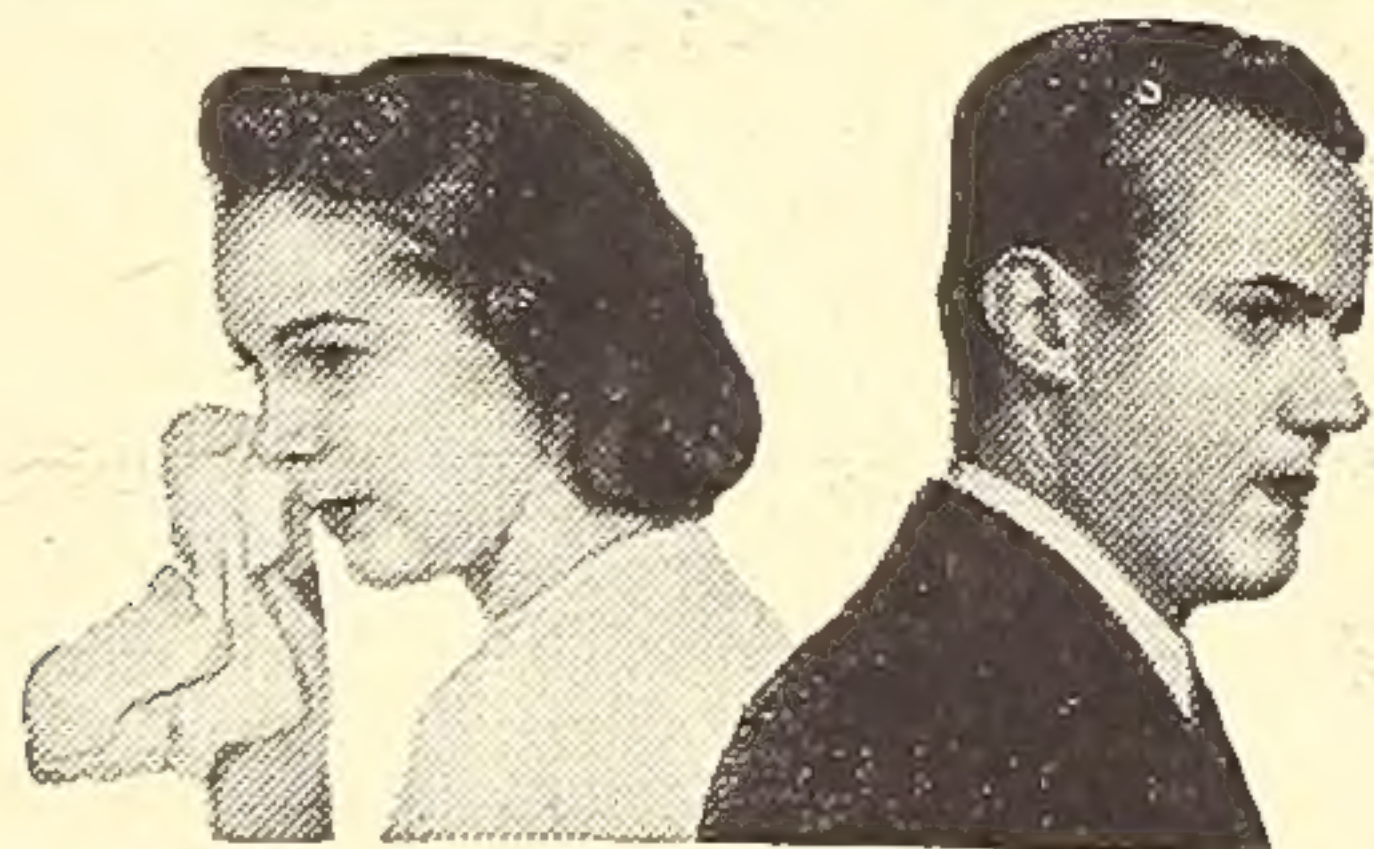
New wildfire fashion from "totes," America's finest protective footwear. Inspired by the light-stepping Drum Major and executed in ankle-flattering imported latex rubber. So dainty, so bright, such perfect protection for pretty shoes.

Sparkle with tassels in your campus colors, or flatter that sigh-guy, wear HIS!

Available in glamorous new Ivory White, in Old Gold, in Drum Red, or Navy. Tassels in most school and college colors. Sizes 3 through 10. Just \$2.98.

At fine shoe and department stores everywhere or if your favorite store is not yet supplied write direct to designer. Check or M.O. Give shoe size, tassel color preference.

So-Lo MARX Rubber Co., Loveland 12, O.



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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Louella Parsons was there with her Jimmy McHugh, Cobina Wright with the fabulously talented young photographer Wally Seawell, Dorothy Arnold—dividing her dances between John Lindsay and Michael Rayhill, me and that other columnist, Mike Connolly, and so many other people that even Joanne's agent, Wynn Rocamora, and Patricia Morrison had to take seats way in the back of the room.

Maybe some of you kids caught the new Eddie Albert TV show when Anne Jeffries and Bob Sterling were on—a couple months or so ago. Well, if you did, then you saw one of the greatest young comediennes do her act—the name is Kaye Ballard and we can't wait to see her new act, which will hit Mocambo. Charley Morrison saw her do one number, signed her up real quick before his main competition, Ciro's, got to her. Kaye toured with the "Top Banana" stage company, was all signed to do the movie then backed out for various reasons.

When a boy pianist-composer like Buddy Pepper has a hit song like "Vaya Con Dios" and his folks arrive in town from Kentucky, then it's party time. Buddy, who for the last few years has stayed in the background as accompanist for people like Margaret Whiting, Jack Smith and such, is really coming into his own and he was getting congratulations from all over the place. Kind of late in the evening, when there was room to make with the music, Gertrude Niesen made like she was Patti Andrews and, with Maxine and LaVerne, sang some fabulous rhythm to Buddy's piano playing. This is the kind of fun party that people fight to get invited to.

From a "Wild Bill Hickok" TV film with Guy Madison to the lead in the fabulous new stage musical, "Kismet," is the story of young, blonde, talented Joan Diener, who came to Hollywood from a record run on Broadway in "Season In The Sun." You will be seeing this amaz-



Frances Langford and James Stewart get together on "Glenn Miller" story.



Margaret O'Brien, quite grownup, is making plans for her screen comeback.



Director Nicky Ray buys candy for Zsa Zsa Gabor at Hollywood premiere.



Coleen Gray and husband Bill Bidlack enjoying the doings at cocktail party.

"I Confess!...."

to many loves and many follies... but I don't dare reveal my most terrible sin!"

SHE was France's reigning beauty—a favorite of Louis XIV himself—and her gay affairs were the envy of other women. Could she be guilty of the ghastliest crime in human experience? Only when Marie Madeleine fell madly and genuinely in love for the first time—and not with a nobleman but with her own handsome young manservant—did she find her secret too much to bear alone. Suddenly, cruelly, she revealed everything to her adoring Nicolas—confronting him with the choice of giving up the woman he loved more than life itself—or forever sharing her guilt! *A Lady at Bay* is a fascinating new shocker of a story—a best-seller at \$3.50 in the publisher's edition! You may have it plus the two other big hits on this page for only \$1 when you join the Dollar Book Club!

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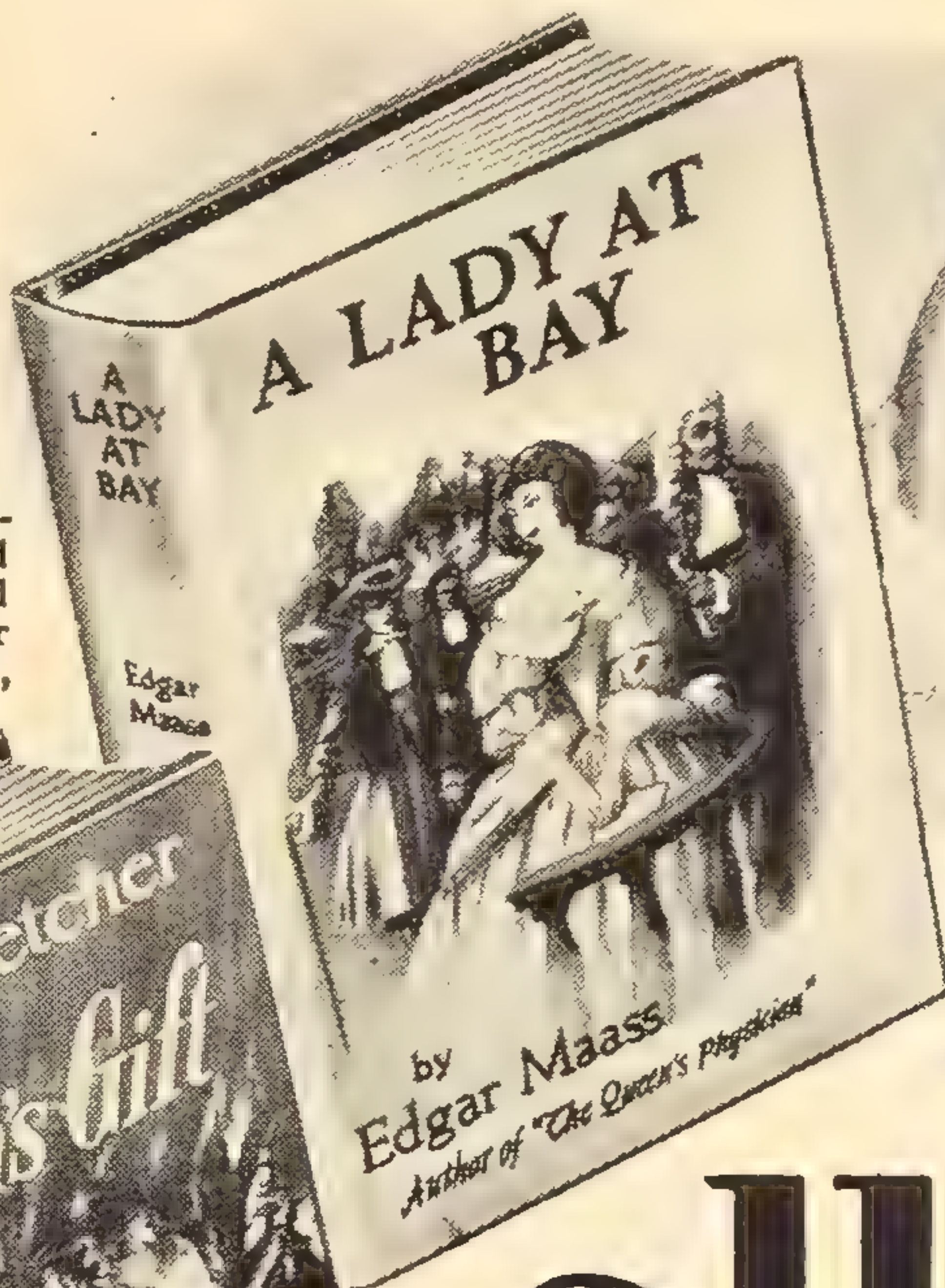
Sold on the Slave Block — and in Love with Her Master!

A slave had not the right to love, but her owner was Marco Polo the Venetian, a young man handsome and broad of shoulder, and Miranda was beautiful and tempting. "Caravan to Xanadu" is a stirring tale of romance in the fabulous lands of Kublai Khan — a colorful new hit by the author of *Yankee Pasha* and *Infinite Woman*. Pub. ed. \$3.50



When Lady and Servant Want the Same Man!

Who possessed the greater allure? Ravishing, experienced Lady Anne Stuart, who enjoyed only the thrill of conquest, or her servant, lovely Sylvia Hay, in the full flood of first love? "Queen's Gift" is an exciting new romance of early Carolina. Pub. ed. \$3.75



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by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



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The life of a musical comedy star is excitingly enacted by Joan Crawford in "Torch Song," with Michael Wilding playing a blind pianist in love with her.

Torch Song

THE turmoil, temperament and tinsel-like existence of a Broadway musical comedy star is excitingly enacted by Joan Crawford, who still hoofs and sings a good tune. Joan, who considers her only allegiance is to her audience, makes the life of her associates so miserable that her arranger quits just before rehearsals are to begin. He is replaced by Michael Wilding, a sensitive, blind pianist, who refuses to let Joan's tantrums and one-man bossing alter his ideas of how the show should go. Although she has him fired after just one day of rehearsal, she can't forget him and orders him to be rehired. It isn't until just before the show's opening that Joan is able to crack Wilding's defenses and learn that she is the last actress he ever saw and that he's secretly in love with her. Chuck Walters, who directed the Technicolor musical, also does a brief dance with Miss Crawford, who pretty nearly stops the film with her slithering rendition of "Two

Faced Woman." Wilding is very effective in his role, as are Marjorie Rambeau and Nancy Gates as Joan's sponging relatives. **MGM.**

Take The High Ground

THIS excellently-made film, based on Korean headlines, has Richard Widmark as a hard-hitting sergeant who has but 16 weeks to whip his platoon of raw infantry recruits into a fighting unit. Widmark begins by throwing the book at the rookies, while his aide, Sgt. Karl Malden, tries to temper their training with understanding. The two sergeants also disagree on their women. Malden sees Elaine Stewart, a war widow turning into an alcoholic, as someone to pity. Widmark sees her as a pick-up. It isn't until Elaine walks out on him and a recruit tries to shoot him, that Widmark learns to squelch his blasts and start behaving more understandingly. Produced by Dore Schary, the film is directed with rough vigor by Richard Brooks. There's



Donna Reed joins Martin and Lewis as they tee off the gags in "The Caddy."



Richard Widmark and Elaine Stewart in MGM's "Take The High Ground."

topnotch trouping down the line, including that of the rookies, Russ Tamblyn, Steve Forrest, Jerome Courtland and Carleton Carpenter. MGM.

The Actress

ACTRESS RUTH GORDON's early day reminiscences of her first feeble efforts to go on the stage are charmingly recalled in this George Cukor production of the 1900's. Jean Simmons as *Ruth* almost causes a family crisis with her various schemes to win the approval of her father (*Spencer Tracy*) to study for the stage. He wants her to become a gymnast. It is only through the subtle persuadings of her mother (*Teresa Wright*) that seafarer Tracy sells his prized periscope and sends his daughter to the Big City for a crack at the theatre. Tracy's rough, robust portrayal is delightfully done and tends to make Jean and Teresa's timid scheming doubly amusing. The film, which is based on the stage play, "Years

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

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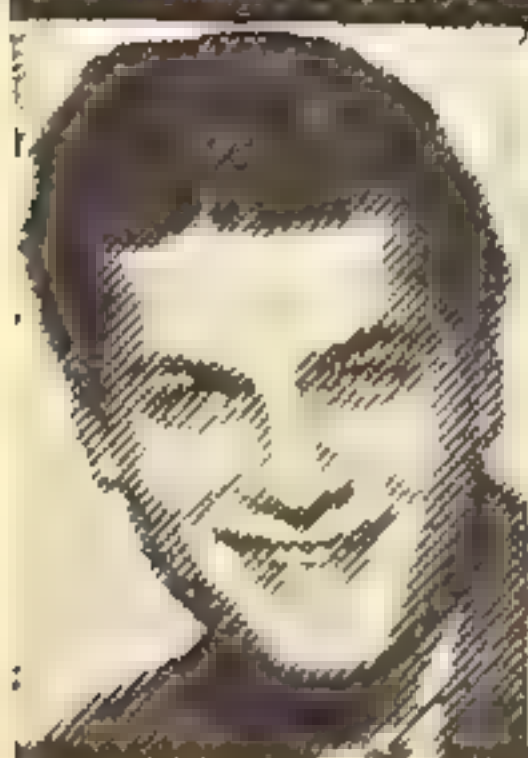
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The tense, dramatic "Island In The Sky" has John Wayne as pilot of a plane which crashes in Arctic wastelands. Sean McClory is a member of his crew.

Your guide to current films CONTINUED

Ago," ambles along at a pleasant, folksy pace with each of the principals greatly adding to its nostalgic mood. **MGM.**

offers tense, dramatic film fare. **Warner Brothers.**

Island In The Sky

THE valiant efforts of five men to remain alive when their cargo plane crashes in the Arctic wastelands are creditably enacted by pilot John Wayne and crew, Sean McClory, Wally Cassell, James Lydon and Hal Baylor. The groups' awkward attempts at survival, their prayers, and eventual rescue are realistically portrayed. The methodical manner in which the Air Force sends out searching parties and the personal sacrifice many of the pilots make to join the rescue squad provides an added wallop to the William Wellman movie. Spearheading the search are such favorites as Lloyd Nolan, Walter Abel, Carl Switzer, Harry Carey Jr. and Andy Devine. Capably handled in all departments, picture

Devil's Canyon

VIRGINIA MAYO enjoys the unique position of being the only woman convict in the 500-man Arizona Territorial Prison. Among her fellow inmates are Dale Robertson, an ex-sheriff who was railroaded to jail for bearing firearms illegally, and Stephen McNally, one of the gunmen Dale sent to prison during his sheriff days. Although the two are sworn enemies, Virginia secretly plans to use them both in the jail break she is engineering. The night of the escape, Dale is confined to solitary and McNally goes berserk and tries to release all of the prisoners. Frightened, Virginia forces Dale's release and then helps him round up the power-mad prisoners. This act wins the two a pardon. The picture, which was filmed in 3-D and Technicolor,



Seeking jewels, Gilbert Roland finds Arlene Dahl in "The Diamond Queen."



Dale Robertson and Virginia Mayo are fellow convicts in "Devil's Canyon."



Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Medina, Glenn Ford in "Plunder Of The Sun."

is full of suspense, but sidesteps the usual jailhouse pattern for some amusing moments supplied by Arthur Hunnicutt, Robert Keith and Jay Flippen. **RKO.**

The Caddy

PUT Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis on a fairway and then stand back while they tee off one gag after another. Dean's a tournament player and Jerry's his caddy. Together they're unbeatable, even against such greats as Sammy Snead, Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson. Eventually, Dean tries to ditch Jerry for Donna Reed and her country club set. Lewis retaliates by starting a riot which kicks the duo off the golf greens and onto the stage, where they become the counterparts of their real-life selves. The movie is pelted with gags and golf, but does taper off for some heartwarming moments and a couple of songs. Lewis' best number is his takeoff, "The Gay Continental," while Martin pleasantly provides "You're The One." **Hal Wallis-Paramount.**

Plunder Of The Sun

MEXICO's Zapotecan ruins provide the eerie background for this hunt for buried treasure. Glenn Ford is stranded in Havana and forced to accept Francis L. Sullivan's proposition to smuggle a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



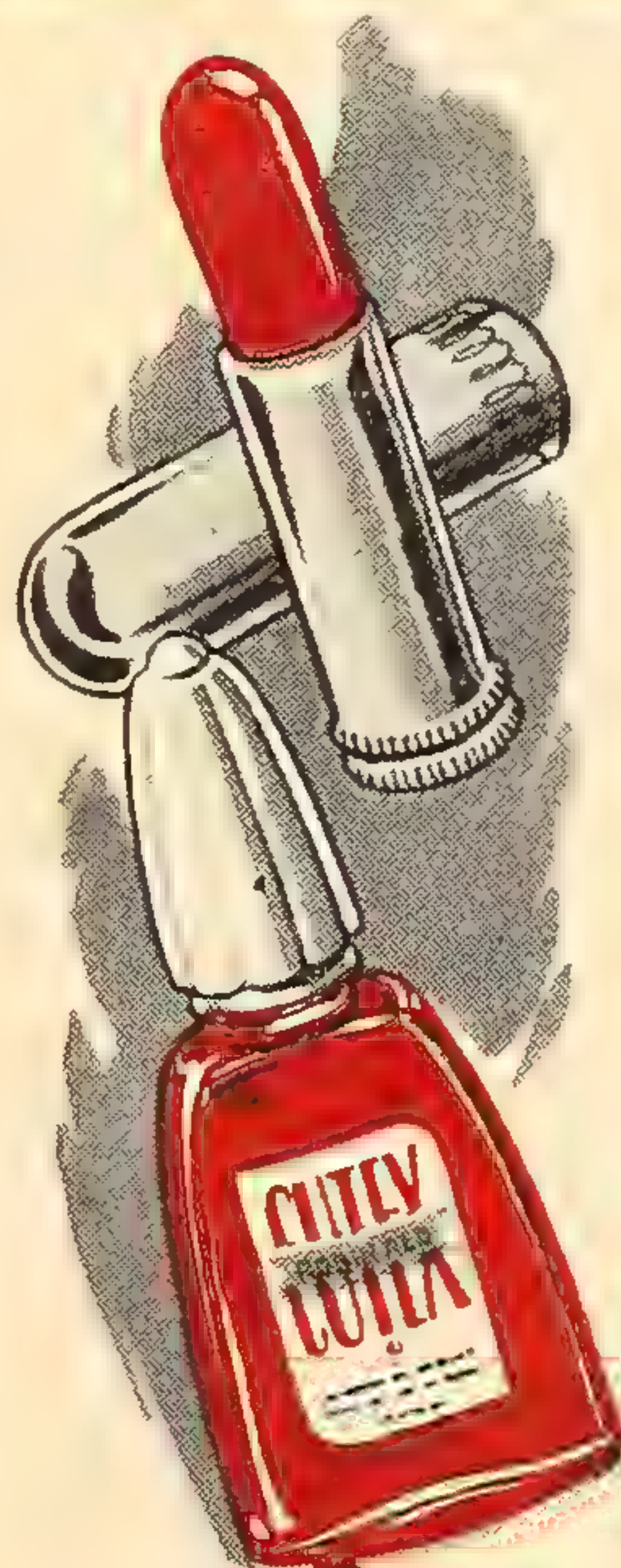
"Back To God's Country" stars Marcia Henderson, Rock Hudson as trappers.

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Rory Calhoun takes his cute wife, Lita
Baron, for whirl at Famous Restaurant.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

ing youngster in the movies and on your
TV sets, so keep your eyes riveted on the
latter just about the time you read this.

At a party for the stars of the great
New York City Ballet, Andre Eglevsky,
Janet Reed, Maria Tallchief, Nicholas
Magellanos, and Tanaquil LeClerq, all
the balletomanes were astounded to see
these great dancers break into the
Charleston—wotta switch.

One of the most spectacular marital
breakups this metropolis had had in a
long time was the Susan Hayward-Jess
Barker split, which reverberated like the
bombardment of Fort Sumter. It wasn't
a completely unexpected end because all
of us in the know have been hearing
about their spats (SPATS?!*) for a long
time. It's a pretty sad thing, the whole
mess, and all the sympathy goes to Susie.
Maybe this Barker character will find
out, now that he's lost his family for
keeps, that it ain't polite to black your
wife's eye and toss her into the swim-
ming pool.

We've been kinda snooping around the
RKO set of "French Line," the new Jane
Russell - Mary McCarty - Gilbert Roland
Technicolor musical and from our ob-
servation post, this looks like one of those
"sleepers" that's gonna take a whole
bunch of prizes. Heard the music score,
and the singing Jane and Mary do is
strictly outer space. They've got a num-
ber together that clowns around about
Texas that will really put that little-
known state on the map. Mary's got a
four-and-a-half minute solo number that
brings her back from outer youknow-
what. Great kid—what's more, she's purty
too.

Boy, the heads sure swiveled when
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

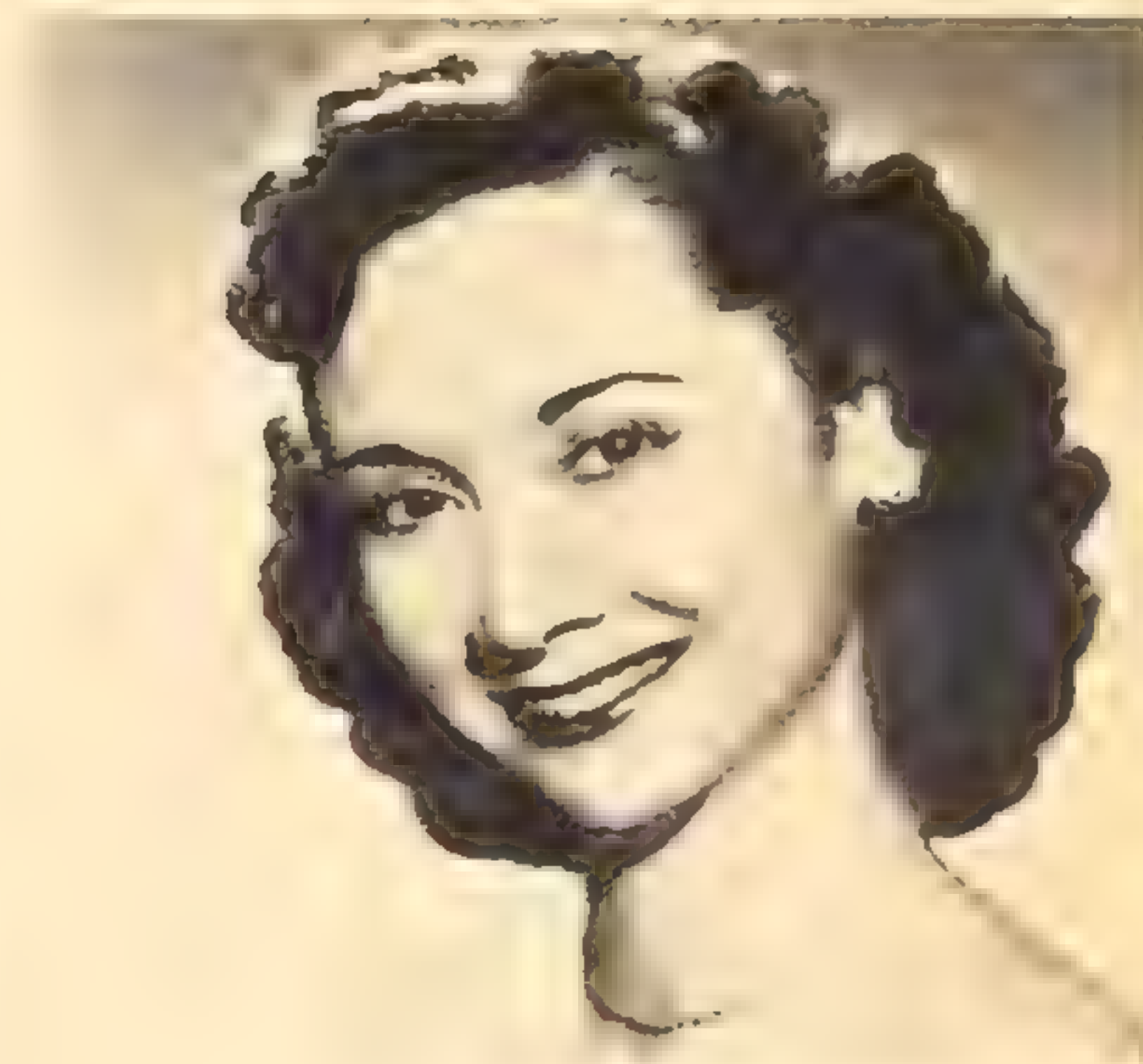


Lovebirds Gene Nelson and Jane Powell looking ecstatically happy at "Stalag 17" premiere. Gene will be Sonja Henie's leading man when she returns to screen.

Beginning a new feature
of frank, intimate,
off-the-record news of
the screen's
most intriguing stars by
America's best
informed columnist

Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip



ROCK HUDSON's off-screen bachelor antics have his studio bosses worried. They will lower the boom on Rock if he doesn't scout around and find himself a suitable bride within the next year or so. Rock dates dozens of film starlets for publicity purposes, but not one for love. His confidential asides to roving reporters that he's "not cut out for marriage" will boomerang at the box-office unless he gives up his woman-hater "kick" and settles for a serious romance with *any* young Hollywood personality . . .

Fernando Lamas will play host to his ex-wife, Lydia, and young daughter, Alexandra, when they trek to Hollywood from South America during the Christmas holidays. Alexandra is to be reared as a Catholic and educated in the United States, according to the terms of the Lamas' divorce agreement. With or without the approval of Arlene Dahl, Lydia Lamas will be given the full Hollywood Hostess treatment upon her arrival with an assist from Fernando . . .

Tyrone Power and his Linda have their friends guessing about their plans for the future. They've leased a large villa on the outskirts of Rome—purpose to establish a permanent residence in Italy—and Ty has become a member of the board of directors of a (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

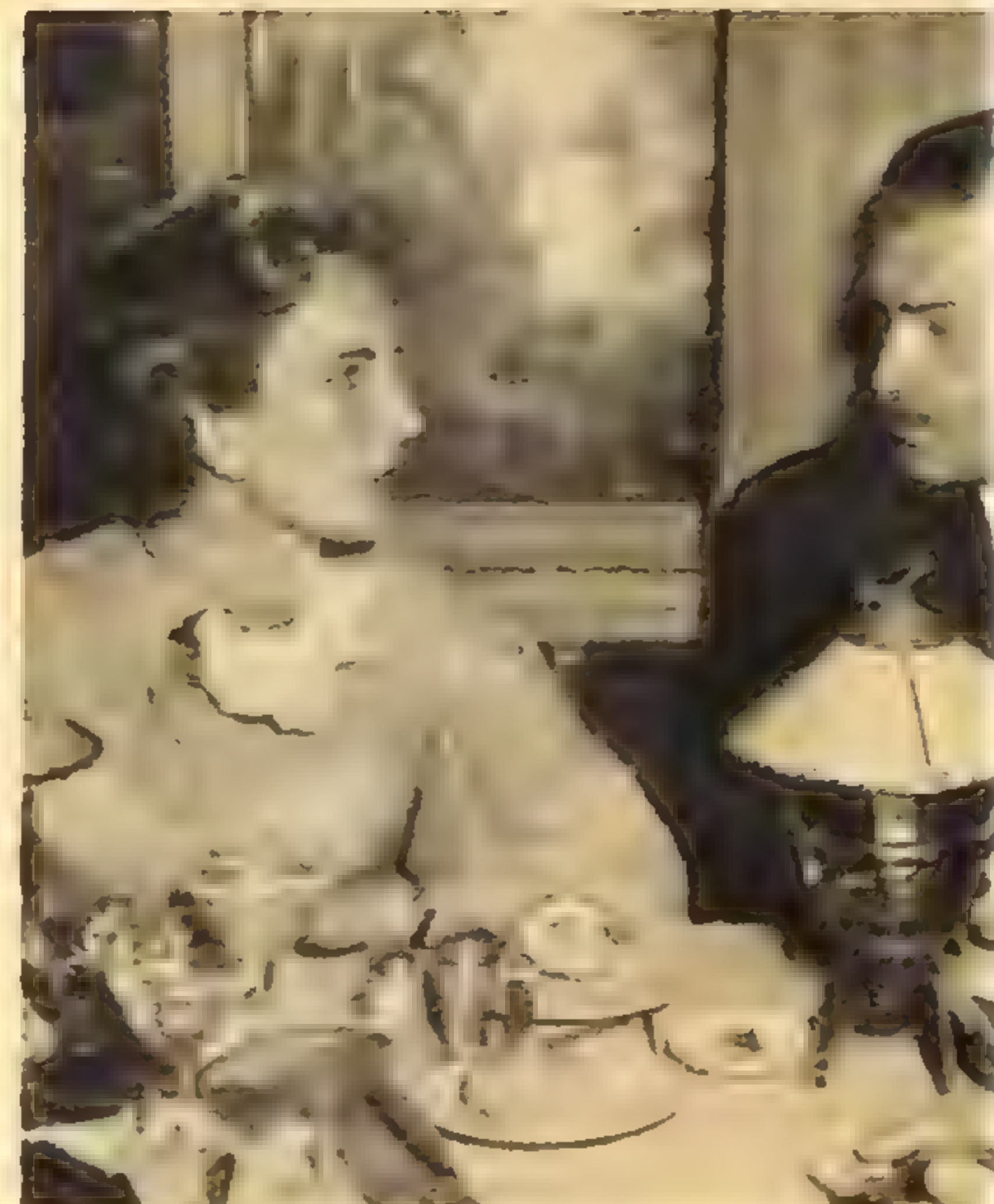


Disc Jockey Peter Potter, Marilyn Monroe at charity fete. Marilyn and Joe will probably wed in favorite hideaway town.

Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)



Lana Turner greets a member of Italian press, who were kinder to her than the London press.



Suzanne Dadoles, Gable's steady, cocktail partied with Aly Khan

new Italian film company scheduled to begin producing pictures in the Italian capital next March. At any rate, the total picture seems to rule out any possibility of a split between the oft-rumored "divorcing" Powers . . .

MOVIE fans would be shocked if they knew the identity of a handsome young Hollywood star (once engaged to a tempestuous glamour girl) who was feted at a New York "engagement party" along with a famed folk singer. It was the kind of betrothal that could never make the formal announcement columns in fam-

ily newspapers, even in Hollywood . . .

Unretouched physique photos of Tab Hunter, taken at Santa Monica's Muscle Beach, are now making the rounds at Hollywood parties—the male counterpart to the celebrated Marilyn Monroe calendar. The bootlegged art studies have the young star in a swivet and he'll file a civil law suit to restrain further publication of them just as soon as he can nab the culprit who stole the original negatives . . .

Gary Cooper and his frau, Rocky,



Tab Hunter, here with Judy Powell, is in a swivet over some photos going around.



Van Johnson chats with John Payne and fiancée, Sandra Curtis, at gala party.

◀ Deborah Kerr, now having a whirl on the New York stage, has a new personality.



George Sanders not only got the air from Zsa Zsa Gabor but her bills also.

were at swords points during their entire house-guesting visit with the Roberto Rossellinis (*Ingrid Bergman*) in Rome. Rocky Cooper thought she and her daughter, along with Coop, should have stayed at a nearby hotel and just paid daily calls on the Rossellinis. Coop thought otherwise and said so during an elaborate dinner party given in honor of the Coopers...

INGRID BERGMAN wants a cash advance of \$100,000 plus a guaranteed percentage and all living expenses for the six weeks it would take to film the picture *Samuel* (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Marilyn Maxwell, Rock Hudson. Rock's bachelor antics have his studio worried.

The WESTMORES of HOLLYWOOD

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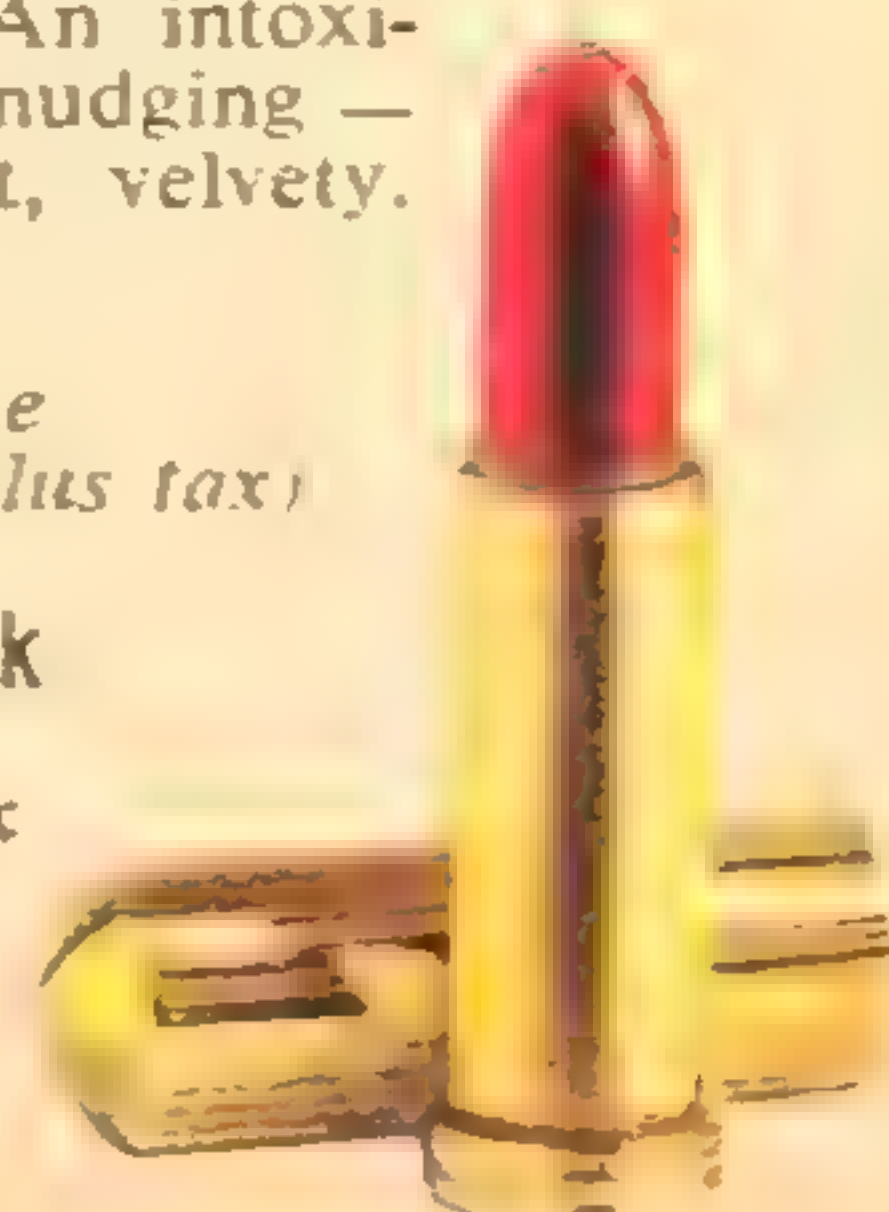
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Westmore Non-Smear Type Lipstick

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WESTMORE *Hollywood* **COSMETICS**



Frank Sinatra, a big hit in "From Here To Eternity," gave wife Ava a Welsh Corgi pup and she called it "Skinny Rebel," no less.



Tyrone Power and his wife, Linda Christian, have their friends guessing, yet they've just leased a large villa not far from Rome.

Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

Goldwyn has offered her in Hollywood. Her return to the United States, she feels, would be a big gamble on her part and she'd have to be assured of the financial gain. Producer Goldwyn has until November 15 to decide . . .

The former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Lady Ashley, etcetera, uses the name Mrs. Clark Gable for her Lon-

don social engagements and created no end of embarrassment for her ex-husband when he arrived in London en route to Hollywood and accepted party invitations. The "Mogambo" star had to send his regrets to several titled households when he cancelled out at the last minute because Sylvia Gable was to be among those present . . .

If it's to be a California wedding

for Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio they'll settle on Russian River, near San Francisco, as the site for their nuptials—it's long been their favorite hide-a-way . . .

DEBRA PAGET and her big romance called the whole thing off after a terrific spat in Santa Barbara. She returned his five-carat diamond "friendship ring." Three days later



Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman, at premiere of "Charge At Feather River." She's now in Africa for movie.



Yvonne DeCarlo gets autograph from Danny Thomas at Coconut Grove. Danny, at first, didn't know who was asking.

they made up and she was once again sporting a sparkler on her third finger, left hand—a stone twice the size of the first . . .

Dan Dailey went to a house party in San Fernando Valley attired in woman's clothing which he had borrowed from the 20th Century-Fox wardrobe department as a gag. He was picked up by the Encino police department and had to talk his way out of an overnight stay in the local jug . . .

Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn started their "Ulysses" feud shortly after Kirk introduced his latest "crush," lovely Countess Antoinette De Perrot, to Quinn during the filming in Rome. Oscar-winner Tony wasn't as impressed with the lady's title as was Kirk and the situation got tense day by day until Douglas finally exploded and the dialogue got saltier, to say the least . . .

GEORGE RAFT is a chap with a problem. Before he went to Europe he turned over his house to his favorite girl friend, starlet-model Rosemary Colligan, thinking it might be nice for her to have the use of the luxurious place while he was abroad. Rosemary liked it so well she moved in her entire family, and they showed no willingness to evacuate when

George returned. Raft's wise lawyer advised him not to start any legal rumpus because of the publicity that would result, so George shrugged his shoulders and camped out at a nearby motel . . .

If Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess aren't married by New Year's, they won't marry at all, according to Ursula's proclamation—she's tired of waiting . . .

When Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes dropped into the Ambassador East during their Chicago visit, Rita

became enamoured of the painting of Sarah Siddons, the 18th Century English actress, which hangs in the Sarah Siddons room. She offered Jimmy Hart \$4,000 for the portrait, but much as he likes Miss Hayworth he likes Mrs. Siddons better, and she remains on the wall . . .

YOU can have your choice of rumors about the Cary Grants (Betty Drake): (1) they're separating; (2) they're moving to Europe for an indefinite stay; or (3) they'll co-star in a Broadway play this Winter. But it's all just cocktail (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



Terry Moore with Dave Frame at Mocambo. She and Bob Wagner are quits.



Kirk Douglas, Sylvana Mangano on "Ulysses" set. He, Tony Quinn feuded.



Talented Jane sketches Marilyn Monroe. Calls her "Baby Doll." Says Jane, "I've been lucky. My career came easy."



Jane, Bob Waterfield. "Our marriage is most important thing in my life."



NEVER BEFORE HAS AN INTERVIEW
BEEN SO INTIMATE; NEVER HAS JANE BEEN
AS FRANK ABOUT HER PRIVATE LIFE

By May Mann Baer

JANE RUSSELL'S SHOWER ROOM INTERVIEW

JANE was slipping out of her little red shorts and a white shirt (after a vigorous work-out with Terry Hunt in his health emporium in the Valley). Next a pair of pink panties and a bra dropped to the floor, which meticulous Jane retrieved and placed on the dressing table. Then she was wrapping a huge turkish towel about her gorgeous body. Slipping her black tresses into a rubber cap, she stepped into the shower and turned on the spray. First, however, she took off the towel and left it hanging outside.

And that's when I observed—first-hand, that there's nothing, absolutely nothing false in Jane Russell's glamour department! And further that this was one interview that could never be so arranged—as it happened!!!

I could picture Earl Wilson, whose business is writing about ladies' curves as he sees them in 3-D (through three thicknesses of nylon, silk, or satin). I could see Earl, at such a vantage point with the perspiration breaking into little beads on his forehead, trying to concentrate on his note-taking. But with me this was the real thing!

Jane has a breathtakingly beautiful body, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

Jane keeps figure trim with
rugged exercise and massage.



*"I get lonesome,"
says Joan Crawford. "Any
woman does who isn't
in love. But where is
he—a man I could love?
One day . . . I keep hoping"*

by FRANCES LANE



With Dir. David Miller, Prod. Joseph Kaufman. Joan now devotes self to work.



She has many men friends such as Nick Ray, but hasn't yet found happiness.



NEEDS

ANOTHER

HUSBAND

I CALLED Joan Crawford one Saturday night recently and she was home with her children—no date, no party, no plans for anything social, no man.

This might surprise you, as it did me. In fact, I was even more surprised in view of my reason for calling her. You see, I had just spent 45 minutes in a phone conversation with one of Hollywood's most sought-after bachelors, who calls me at frequent intervals to rhapsodize about Joan Crawford. And he's not the only one. There are a dozen others, who, knowing that I know Joan, call me constantly, asking me to put in a good word for them with the fascinating Miss Crawford.

"What shall I do, Joan?" I wailed. "I just this second hung up the receiver on a man who calls persistently two and three times a week—to talk about you! Sometimes he talks for an hour! This has been going on for three years. My ear's worn out. He's mad about you!"

"I'm so sorry," Joan replied with real concern in her

voice. "What can I do? That must be very annoying. It is a terrible imposition on you."

"I'll be forced to change my telephone number, or," I kidded, "I'll have to subscribe to a telephone service—to handle your calls from these impetuous males!"

"Males? Plural?" asked Joan. "You mean there are more than one?"

I recited a list of men that sounded like the "Who's Who of Eligible Males" in Hollywood. "One calls regularly. The others on occasion. They never give up!"

"That's very flattering," Joan said, "but I am really sorry for the inconvenience to you. Speaking of all those attractive men—did you know it is Saturday night, and I am staying home alone?"

"No!" I gasped. "Not alone!"

"Quite alone," Joan replied. "I drove to Rolling Hills for Christopher and brought him home for the weekend. He took me out to dinner at La (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



Joan went dancing with Jennings Lang at Mocambo recently, but she spends most evenings at home alone or with her children.



*Is the youthful Pier
Angeli building up to a terrific
letdown in her romance with
the worldly Kirk Douglas?*

by MAUREEN MILLER

HEARTBREAK FOR PIER?

WHEN sheltered, innocent Pier Angeli fell desperately in love with Kirk Douglas, it wasn't so much the 16-year difference in their ages that made Hollywood raise its collective eyebrows, but the difference in types between the Younger-Than-Springtime Pier and Kirk, one of the most worldly-wise, "love-'em-and-leave-'em" playboys in that cynical town.

Pier and the cagey, attentive but elusive Kirk first met when he went to MGM to co-star with her in "Equilibrium," one of the episodes in "The Story Of Three Loves." No one expected anything but professional and fatherly attention from him to the girl, shy as a young fawn, who, she says, was so scared on her first day in MGM's commissary "that I sit stiff like a rod and cannot swallow a bite. Finally, when all the peoples came up to be introduced to me, I get under the table and cry like a leetle baby."

Nevertheless, soon word seeped out of a red hot romance between the two. "It's publicity-inspired and will peter out soon as the film is finished," speculated the cynical. But, strangely enough, it didn't. For when Kirk went to Columbia to make "The Juggler," impulsive, apparently infatuated Pier eluded the vigilant chaperonage of Mama Pierangeli and held hands with Kirk at lunch in little Italian restaurants near the studio. And when Kirk went to Europe for films, Pier and her family followed on vacation to their former home, Rome. Again Pier and Kirk managed stolen moments together, although always accompanied by Pier's mother. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 53)



Pier chatting with Lana Turner, her co-star in "Flame And The Flesh," at a party in their honor in Rome.



Once in Rome, Pier lost no time in getting together with Kirk. Visited him between scenes of "Ulysses."

While making "The Juggler," with Milly Vitale in Israel, Kirk flew to Italy for rendezvous with Pier.



◀ Pier has to grow up a lot before she is emotionally mature.





Slowing up now, Bing made only one film this year, "Little Boy Lost," which features Nicole Maurey, Colette Dereal.

MANY rainbows have tipped the years of Bing Crosby's colorful life—and with a pot of gold at the end of most of them.

If you believe in odds, it's only once in a decade that a human being comes along and finds that everything he touches turns to currency!

Such a man is Bing.

Over a long period of time he has discovered unerringly the short cuts to becoming, if you want to coin a bromide, a *Croesus*.

Today, that Midas Touch has escaped many people. But not Bing. And never, in fact, has it been more apparent than now—when his new Paramount picture, "Little Boy Lost," is likely to swamp, with more gold, the box-office tills of the movie theatres the world over . . . and Bing's pockets, too.

Not, mind you, that Bing needs another movie hit, another silver mine, another gilt-edged gimmick to make him not only one of the richest men in the nation, but one of the world's most successful business men.

Bing's personal fortune today—and strange as it seems, the least of it comes from his motion picture endeavors—is variously computed at between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000. Like the Aga Khan, Mr. Crosby seems worth his weight in gold. But cannily, he refuses to be weighed!

With all this immense wealth, recent stories of how Bing was forced to sell his 65 race horses to help raise \$1,000,000 inheritance tax on his wife's estate, surprised many people. He even put on the market his Holmby Hills mansion and his Summer home at Pebble Beach.

"The tax is close to a million, so Bing has to liquidate some properties," his brother Larry, head of Crosby Enterprises, Inc., explained. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



Bing regards Christian Fourcade, 9, who plays his son, as the most exciting film newcomer.

Bing Crosby's *Midas Touch* is bound to stuff his pockets to overflowing now that "Little Boy Lost" is the box-office find of the year

by MICHAEL SHERIDAN

MORE GOLD FOR BING



Filmed partly in Paris, "Little Boy Lost" is the story of a child of war. ►

Lovely Nicole plays Bing's French wife in the tender tale.



"If those vicious harpies had as wonderful a husband as I have they'd stop writing such bilge about my marriage," states Mlle. Colbert

By GENE MORRIS

CLAUDETTE SCUTTLES THOSE RUMORS



"I have been Mrs. Joel Pressman for 18 years, will be at 80!"

Paris
"N^{ow} write this down word for word, so there is absolutely no mistake about it. Perhaps once and for all it'll be understood, even by those who for some peculiar reason don't want to understand."

Her huge eyes glowing, Claudette Colbert leaned over her chair in her Paris suite, pointing to my pad meaningfully.

"I have been Mrs. Joel Pressman for 18 years." She spoke carefully, in measured tones. "If I live that long, I will be for 80. If those vicious harpies had as wonderful a husband as I have, they'd stop writing such bilge about my marriage. There is no basis whatsoever, no rhyme, reason, nor accuracy in the gossip the rumor-mongers are spreading. They have been, they are, they always will be wasting their time."

She waited till I had finished noting down the words she had spoken with such feeling. Then, her whole expression changed. She tossed her short, reddish-brown hair in one of her natural, unself-conscious gestures which moviegoers everywhere would recognize, and grinned broadly.

"Most of the time I never take these things so seriously. It's our friends who do. Nunnally (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

Claudette laughs off "her romance with Anton Walbrook."

Visiting orphanage near Rome during filming of "Destinees."



Ingrid Bergman with Claudette and Eleanor Rossi-Drago.







With ex-King Peter and ex-Queen Alexandra at New Year's party where romance started.

GENE'S AFFAIR WITH ALY

THERE'S NO DOUBT GENE TIERNEY'S FLIPPED OVER ALY KHAN, BUT WILL THEY WED?

By Denny Shane

INTERNATIONAL news wires continue to buzz with the exciting romance of Gene Tierney and Aly Khan, one of the wealthiest young titled men in the world and former spouse of another American movie star, Rita Hayworth. Will lovely Gene be the next wife of Prince Aly Khan? The life of a princess should not be too difficult for Brooklyn-born Gene since she has been married to Count Oleg Cassini of White Russian nobility.

There is no doubt that if it were up to Aly alone he would not lose any time in popping the question to Gene. But when you are a prince and some one else holds the purse strings you have to bend to their wishes or at least take things a little slowly. Aly's father, the Aga Khan, likes Gene as a person, but frowns upon the idea of another film actress for a daughter-in-law. He can't seem

to forget the unfavorable world-wide publicity garnered by his son when Rita left him and returned to America. So upset had the Aga been at the time that it was rumored he was considering making his younger son his heir. The Aga's health is not of the best at present and it may be that Aly is playing a waiting game.

The romance started last New Year's Eve when Gene and Aly were dancing in each other's arms at the fabulous Maxim's in gay Paris. At the stroke of midnight they startled the several hundred other patrons at the fashionable night club out of their self-preoccupation by pausing to welcome the New Year with a long and ardent kiss. The next day Gene and Aly Khan were headlined romantically.

Since then they have been a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



For months now, Gene's been the only beauty in Aly's life.

Rita Hayworth couldn't hold Aly. Will Gene be able to do so?

*There is a new
Gregory Peck—a
worldly sophisticate—
and reports are
that he and
Greta are finished
with each other
forever*

By LOUIS REID

EX- FAMILY MAN





Greg, still in Europe, is dating Audrey Hepburn, his "Roman Holiday" co-star.

WHILE 37-year-old Gregory Peck is renewing his youth in an impressive conquest of European capitals—London, Rome, Paris, Madrid, Stockholm, Berlin to date—Hollywood speculates whether the charms of the old world cities are wholly responsible for the rift in his marriage to Greta Konen Peck, the bride of his struggling Broadway days.

The film town is wondering if the shy, gentle actor, so firmly a family man over the years, so deeply devoted to his buoyant little blonde wife and their boys, has actually become a cosmopolitan sophisticate, bowled over by the beauty and romance swirling about him, especially by the charms of Audrey Hepburn.

Or is it simply that Greg does not want to return to Hollywood and continue with unsolvable domestic problems?

Despite his overwhelming love for his home and children, it does seem that his marriage is beyond repair.

In the more than 15 months he has been abroad he has had an opportunity to take stock of himself and of his life with Greta. Amid the great capitals and varied nationalities he has had a chance to consider the advantages and disadvantages of marriage in contrast to the freedom he now apparently seeks.

According to the more discerning observers along the boulevards, the actor's marital (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

◀ Despite love of home and sons, it does seem Greg's marriage is beyond repair.

*"You can go out in with
the business about the legs," claims Calista
Fleming, famous for her fabulous looks. "Look
at me! These legs, hair, so is not out
I am a body, a woman, complete. I want the
public to know that I am a dancer, not actress,
not just a long pair of sticks!"*

—MARTIN KATZMAN

A WOMAN IS MORE THAN LEGS

"Legs, poof! What are legs? Can they
talk? Can they think?" But hers seem to.



Colette's legs were not even seen in "Moulin Rouge," her great hit. "John Huston sees at once I am a woman. He covers my legs so nobody can see."

Paris

THE most tantalizing, black-stockinged legs since Marlene Dietrich first unveiled her miraculous stems to a palpitating public were in "Moulin Rouge," and you, you unfortunate people, never saw them! But I, lucky devil that I am, had a private exhibition in Paree, and am still fighting for self-control.

The provocative extremities I've referred to are the sole property of Mademoiselle Colette Marchand, whom you saw in "Moulin Rouge" as *Marie Charlet* opposite Jose Ferrer's *Toulouse-Lautrec*. So realistic and uncompromising was her performance as the dirty, bedraggled trollop, that it was impossible to guess that she possessed gams of historic quality, and that she was a luscious piece of tantalizing French pastry in other important anatomical departments. Looking at the seedy slut in "Moulin Rouge," her hair straggling down her pale and hungry face, how could anyone have known that Mlle. Colette is one of the foremost ballet dancers in the world?

I had a date to meet Colette at the Theatre de l'Empire in Paris, where she was starring with Roland Petit in the "Ballets de Paris." When she introduced herself, I was pleasantly surprised. She was the complete opposite of the unkempt, emaciated *Marie Charlet*. Colette was chic, sleek, tall, blonde and built like a precision instrument—streamlined for speedy action from the top of (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

DO YOU LONG TO BE BEAUTIFUL, RADIANT, SUPREMELY HAPPY?

IT'S SIMPLE, DINAH SHORE HAS LEARNED. THE ONLY REQUIREMENT IS THAT—

YOU MUST FALL IN LOVE!

by Fredda Dudley Balling





DINAH SHORE was always a pretty girl. But she has become a downright beautiful woman, and whether she realizes it or not (*probably she does but is too modest to admit it*) her secret recipe is happiness.

Each year since her marriage to George Montgomery on December 5, 1943, friends have been saying to Dinah, "I don't know how you do it. You look younger all the time, but that isn't all. There's sort of a glow about you . . . and you never seem to get tied in knots as so many people do."

The glow is authentic. For Dinah has come into her own kingdom, and she believes that any girl in the world can open the same magic door with one key: fall deeply in love with the man who has fallen deeply in love with you. It's that simple, and that difficult. Love brings confidence, confidence brings happiness, and happiness brings beauty.

And not only does the glow show in Dinah's appearance, but in the manner in which she conducts her entire life. Right now she's sitting on top of the TV world with her regular NBC show on Tuesday and Thursday nights at 7:30 EST, which she emcees and stars in delightfully.

In her private life she's secure and serene, the center of a happy family trio that includes George and daughter Melissa, born January 4, 1948. In Palm Springs, where the Montgomerys have a house that George himself built, Dinah does all her own cooking. Dinner, family style, is placed on a huge lazy susan in the center of the round dining table and guests help themselves. Such a sophisticated group as Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Moss Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, and other members of the Palm Springs Manhattan chapter have spent self-congratulatory hours around Dinah's spaghetti, barbecued chicken, green salad, coffee and apple pancakes.

In Hollywood, as there is in many a social group, a party-giving cliché has developed. The only way to give a truly great party, say the self-appointed arbiters, is to take over the Crystal Room in the Beverly Hills Hotel, or the Crown Room at Romanoff's. One has florists decorate; one employs a name band; one selects a menu in French.

When Dinah and George gave their first big affair, George and one of his friends dug a barbecue pit and roasted a side of beef. Long tables, covered by red checkered cloths were set out under giant oak trees, and the music was supplied by musicians who were also guests. Everyone had a magnificent time; several astounded hostesses asked Dinah how she had (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



Dinah and her old friend Ed Wynn harmonize at an NBC-TV keyboard between appearances.



A happy trio of Montgomerys, George, Melissa and Dinah, arrive in New York.



Joan Crawford affectionately greets her hosts at latest of the fabulous Montgomery parties.

As a switch, our famed Broadway columnist visits the land of the stars for an on the spot report

Danton Walker's

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY



Van Johnson, who's through with tipsy audiences, at designer Marusia's party.



The future Mrs. Gene Nelson got a jolt on learning how Geary fixed insurance.



Humphrey Bogart, sensitive about his thinning hair, admits to Danton Walker that his snarling at photographers who snap him without a cap is just an act.

Rosie Clooney, hatless in N. Y., proves she had last word in first Ferrer spat.



Bob Mitchum, Mmm Monroe, Rory Calhoun, taking off for location in Canada.



AFTER cancelling their plane reservations three times in a row, Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes boarded American Airlines Mercury Flight #3 at La Guardia Airport en route to Hollywood incognito with dark glasses and glares for any other passengers who dared look at them. Traveling under the names of "Rose Spania" and "Bartley Crum," ex-Princess Rita and her ever-lovin' beau created less of a stir than they might have anticipated. No one seemed to care. Declining to pose for pictures, they clammed up and were incommunicado for the first leg of the New York-Chicago-Hollywood flight.

Despite the fact they had two sleepers, Rita a lower, Dick an upper berth, they spurned the luxurious sleeping accommodations in favor of sitting up to coo and neck all the way to Chicago. The Haymes ticket was bought and paid for by Rita's attorney, Bartley Crum, and was charged to her account. At Chicago, Rita and Dick were moved out of their cozy rear seats and sent forward on the aircraft because Cinerama producer Louis B. Mayer and his wife were boarding the Mercury at that point and had already specified, well in advance, that they wished to occupy seats 18 & 18A—so Rita and Dick were "bumped" forward to 8 & 8A. They didn't like it one bit.

Several hours out of Chicago, winging their way West, the two lovebirds finally decided to retire. When they reached International Airport in Los Angeles it looked as though their clothes had been slept in. And that's precisely what happened. Rita and



Nome, Alaska, isn't the same since visit of Walker, Dorothy Arnold, et al.

Dick removed their shoes only, hopped into their respective berths and were still sound asleep when the Mercury glided onto the Los Angeles airfield. Completely devoid of any make-up, with her long flowing mane uncombed and her traveling suit rumpled beyond description, it was an anything but glamorous Rita Hayworth who dashed into a waiting limousine with her lover in close, hot pursuit. They were trying to duck photographers who weren't there . . .

You could have heard a pin drop at Charlie Morrison's Mocambo when Joe DiMaggio walked in solo to join a large party of friends and walked right out again when he spotted lovely Dorothy Arnold, his ex-wife, dancing a mambo with young Michael Rayhill, new screen personality. Joltin' Joe got as far as the edge of the dance floor, did a double-take and exited the premises in a hurry. More than a dozen screen actresses dashed to the Powder Room to see if Marilyn Monroe had come in with him, but the Mm-mm-m Girl was on location in Jasper, Alberta, Canada.

On the Columbia Pictures set of "The Caine Mutiny," Bogart snapped and snarled when a photographer attempted to photograph him without a cap on. Bogey, very sensitive about his thinning hair, later admitted with good humor that his "tough guy" on-set antics are nothing more than an act and he tries to be ornery just to keep from being bored in-between "takes." Although he's getting offers to return to the Broadway stage, he will stick to Hollywood. "Baby" Bacall Bogart, however, may (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)



Dick Haymes had no thought of arrest and possible deportation for illegal re-entry into U. S. when he and Rita Hayworth made their torrid all-night flight from N. Y.

ARE MOVIE STARS DOPE?

DO THEY KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS OR DON'T THEY?
ARE THEY REALLY INTELLIGENT? HERE'S HOW THEY RESPOND WHEN THEIR
MENTALITY IS PUT ON THE LINE ON TV'S POPULAR "20 QUESTIONS"

by Robert Perkins



"20 Questions" panelists: Fred Van Deventer, Florence Rinard, guest Ann Rutherford (back) Johnny McPhee, Herb Polesie.

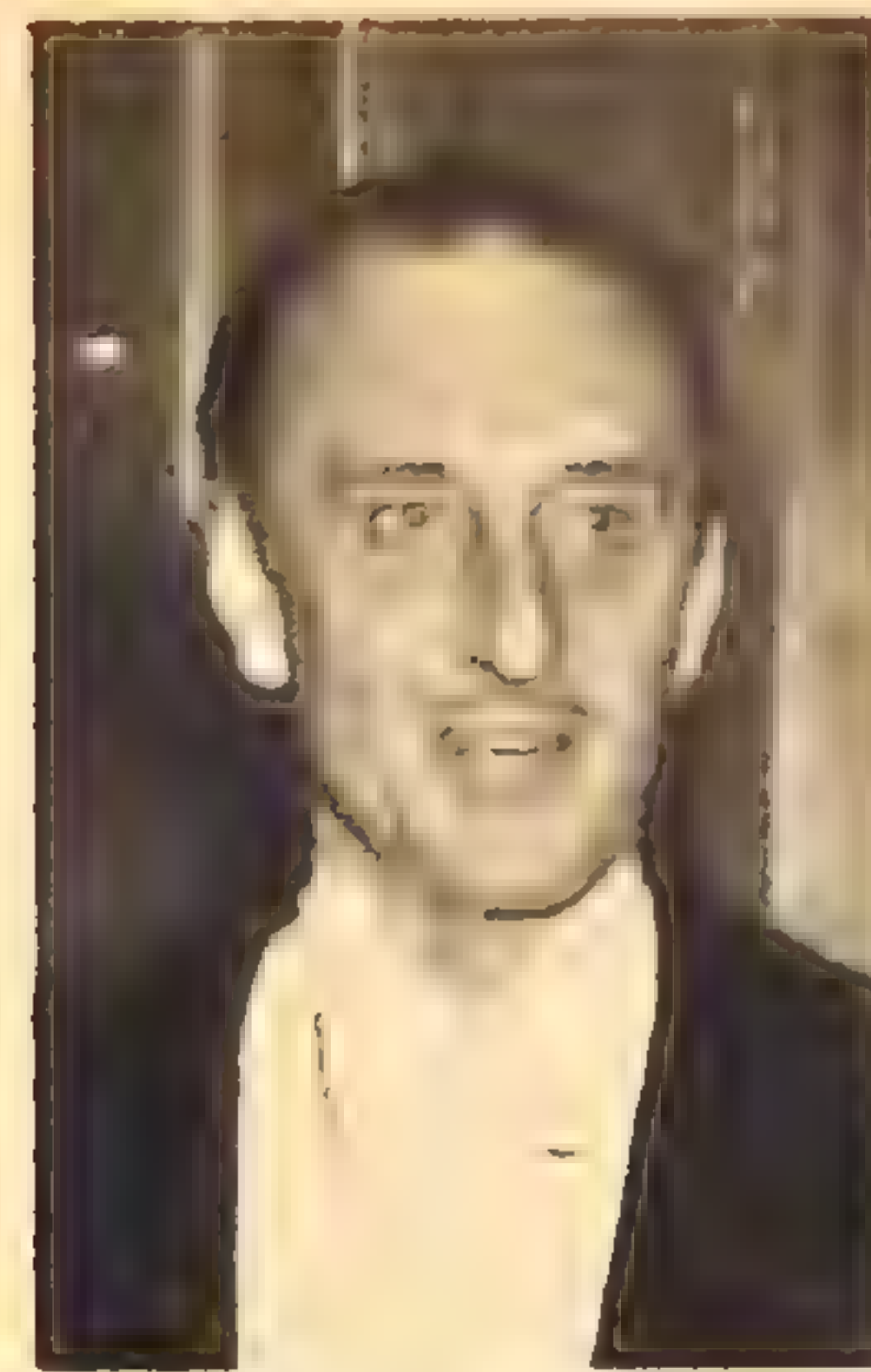




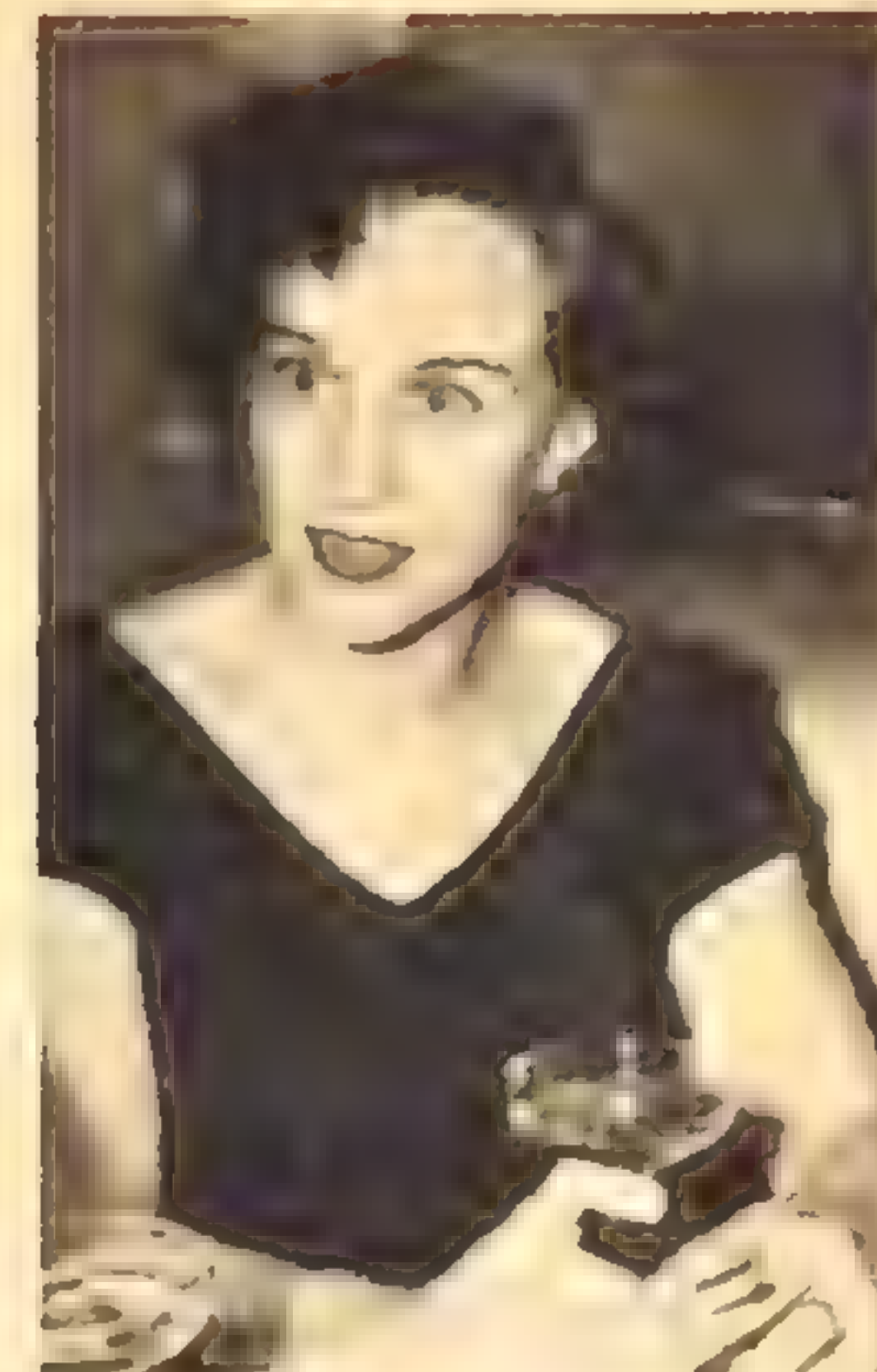
Virginia Mayo and her husband, Mike O'Shea, engage in goonery at premiere. Are they always as crazy as this?



Swanson scored too.



Rathbone was smart.



Kim did very well.

Standout Stewart.



Mac really had it.

ARE MOVIE stars dopes? The answer is *no*. Even if it is fashionable to think of movie queens as beautiful but dumb—it's still *no*.

Or to whisper: "Clever actor, but not a brain in his head, poor fellow. You know how it is, my dear. The directors tell them *every* move. It's all they can do to collect those fat checks, and head for the swimming pools they call home. . . ."

Fashionable, but baloney, my dear—that is, if the fun and intellectual, radio-TV "20 Questions" program is any criterion (*which it is*).

The program is the modern version of the old parlor game, *Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral*, and it demands a panel of players with well-informed brains in high gear. The oldest, most popular panel show, it dotes on the movie stars who appear on it. Says its spokesman: "Movie-people stupidity is a colossal myth. We've learned that glamour and brains go together like ham and eggs. Not a single film star, who's worked with us as a guest panelist, has failed to answer at least one subject. Hollywood, we'll certify, has a high I. Q."

New York University's Professor Rudolph Flesch devoted a chapter in his book, "The Art Of Clear Thinking," to the deductive-reasoning aspects of "20 Questions." So they should know what they're talking about, yes?

Jimmy Stewart is a good example of an intelligent movie star—and one much beloved by "20." (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Jay Jackson, "20 Questions" M.C., checks score with Producer Gary Stevens. It's on the Du Mont network.



MAGGI'S PRIVATE

Listening in on what's going on behind the scenes in television—the latest news, views, doings of video

THE BIG news, one of TV's top secrets, is Mario Lanza's seven-year contract with a leading network. It will break around Thanksgiving Day. His contract allows him the right to make movies (*one-a-year*), concert tours and operatic appearances in between video performances. . .

Richard Hayman, Mercury Records star ("Ruby," "Anna" and "Eyes Of Blue"), is penning original ballads for the Vic Damone telefilm series which MGM will sanction after he's completed his co-starring role in "Hit The Deck," with Debbie Reynolds. . .

Danny Thomas will never alter his nose—he thinks he'd lose his individuality if he did—but he'll nose about on the Colgate Comedy Hour sporting another's famous proboscis; a rubber Cyrano de Bergerac "ski-jump" during a comedy take-off of the famous literary character. . .

"THE ETHEL MERMAN STORY" is being prepared for "Toast Of The Town" and will be seen January 17, 1954. She'll be feted on behalf of her 45th birthday which occurs the day before. . .

Donald O'Connor's recent handprints and signature, imbedded in the sidewalk cement at Grauman's Chinese

Theatre in Hollywood, draws more tourists' reaction than those of filmdoms' Robert Taylor, Clark Gable or Jimmy Stewart. Is TV the answer to Bob, Clark and Jimmy's being relegated to second position on the popularity polls? . . .

A planeload of Hollywood's top-ranking TV stars will make weekly guest appearances on a new TV program which will originate from and be entitled "The Zebra Room Of The Huntington" in San Francisco beginning January 3rd. The 30-minute Nob Hill variety show will be sponsored by an airline company and all salaries paid to the performers will be donated, by them, to one charitable organization each week—26 local and national agencies will profit from the telecasts. . .

"DULCY," authored by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, will be adapted for Dagmar as a telefilm series. Once an Ann Sothern movie, it was being rewritten for Ann before she became video's favorite "Private Secretary". . .

Johnny Ray wants to follow in Frank Sinatra's footsteps a la "From Here To Eternity," and undertake a straight dramatic role in a video version of Somerset Maugham's



Life story of Ethel Merman, here with Gil Roland, is to be telecast.



Groucho Marx amuses George Fenneman with some inside info on cook book he's writing.



Laraine Day and Cyd Charisse. Dress worn by Laraine on TV to be copied, sells for \$19.95.

WIRE



Hopeful Bess Myerson



Studious Ruth Gilbert.



Herb Shriner, G.I. pal

personalities and delectable bits of gossip

"Razor's Edge"—in the part created in the movies by Tyrone Power. . .

Loretta Young's "The Prisoner At One O'Clock," from her "35 Letters To Loretta" series, may get screen treatment starring the talented star, proving Hollywood moguls are carefully watching video for prospective film fodder. . .

JAMES DOBSON, featured on the G. E. Theatre shows, once appeared opposite Shirley Booth in a Summer stock presentation of "My Sister Eileen" in a minor role. He'll soon be co-starred with Shirley in a video production of "Tomorrow The World," the play which once had Shirley and Ralph Bellamy sharing stellar honors on Broadway. . .

The jewelry worn by Dinah Shore on her telecasts may look like very expensive costume baubles, but they're not. She wears her own precious gems and every piece is a gift from hubby George Montgomery. . .

Groucho Marx's definition of a gourmet—"a pig with a tuxedo on"—may wind up being the title of a recipe book which he'll write, using off-beat cooking hints of his many celebrity friends.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Maria Riva, in Israel for big TV deal, was stranded when company went broke. Ma Marlene Dietrich rescued her.



Danny Thomas, a natural for TV's comedy take-off on *Cyrano de Bergerac*, calms nervous Marilyn Monroe at benefit.



Imprints of Donald O'Connor, with girl friend Marilyn Erskine, at Chinese Theatre, draw more crowds than any other star's.



Peggy Castle, above and (4), may be seen in United Artists' "I, The Jury" and "99 River Street."



Joan Vohs, shown in (1) and (5), appears in "Crazy Legs, All-American," a Hall Bartlett Production, and in United Artists' "Vice Squad."

ALL DRESSED UP. . .



Barbara Britton, star of TV show "Mr. And Mrs. North," will co-star with John Hodiak in "Dragon Fly Squadron."

We like the look of slim trousers with feminine tops . . . the gracefulness of full skirts . . . the touch of glittering jewelry. You'll like the sensible prices, the many ways to wear these practical separates. Plaid pedal pushers (1) from G. C. MURPHY'S are \$3.98 in wool. They come in red, blue, black, gold or green plaids. Sizes 10 to 18. With the pedal pushers Joan wears heavy knit sweater with fringed shawl collar from GRANT'S. Price is \$10.95. If you can sew, you can duplicate Peggy's pants and shirt (2). SIMPLICITY Pattern #4255 for both. Price, 35c. Sizes 12 to 20. Shoes by CAPEZIO. For lounging (3), these satin pajamas with a quilted look. GRANT'S have them in aqua, maize or white with black. They're \$3.98 for sizes 32 to 40. Slippers cost \$1.99. This time (4), the pedal pushers are in corduroy with contrast-color piping on pockets and lacings on pant legs. MURPHY'S.



\$3.98. In navy, green, gold and red. Peggy's striped sweater is from McCRORY STORES. Of all-wool, it comes in red, navy, blueberry and green with white stripes. For sizes 34 to 40, \$2.98. (5) For tea time or any time—separates from H. L. GREEN'S. The top is of knitted cotton touched with velvet and brilliants in a leaf design. The colors—heather tones of tan and gray. \$1.98. With it Joan wears a taffeta skirt with unpressed pleats and front button accents. \$2.98. In black only. CAPEZIO shoes. (6) Barbara relaxes in blue denims. These, with tight tapered legs, have red braid trim. \$2.98. Her textured knit sweater comes in white, blue, maize, red and navy. With its own pin, \$5.98. From GRANT'S. Shoes by HUSKIES. (7) Pearls and rhinestones stud the neckline of this jersey sweater. \$1.98. Circular felt skirt, \$5.98, comes in gray, red and blue. Both from GRANT'S. END



TO STAY HOME!

5



For your nearest store, write to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 10 E. 40th St., N.Y.C



Screenland Variety Values Continued

1. The long boxy, heavy knit cardigan sweater from GRANT'S is an eye-catcher for this season's high fashion styles. The crystal buttons on the blue trim add sparkle and versatility. We recommend your wearing it with either slacks or a skirt. It looks well with both. A winter treat for only \$8.98.

2. What fun it is to be a hostess in this "party" apron. It is of permanent finish organdy with a delicate floral chintz pattern—waist band, pocket and hem. Black, pink and blue—colors which will dress-up your play-at-home clothes. GRANT'S. For \$1.98.

3. Make your own net skirt from Advance Pattern #5938. The pattern costs 25c. It is ideal for the cocktail hour and directly reflects the latest trend from Paris. Use contrasting colors in sheer fabric for the double layer skirt. The pattern comes in only one size. Make it to fit your own waist measurement.

4. W. T. GRANT'S striped cobbler apron, which comes in assorted colors, costs \$1.98. You will find this garment practical as well as attractive. It can be worn with or without a blouse; and much can be stored in roomy pockets. The wide belt circles a wasp waist.

5. In many winter colors W. T. GRANT features this velveteen weskit. It is the finishing touch to your carefully chosen separates. Three white buttons edged in gold, match the KRESGE pin. It comes in sizes 12-20. Price: \$2.98.

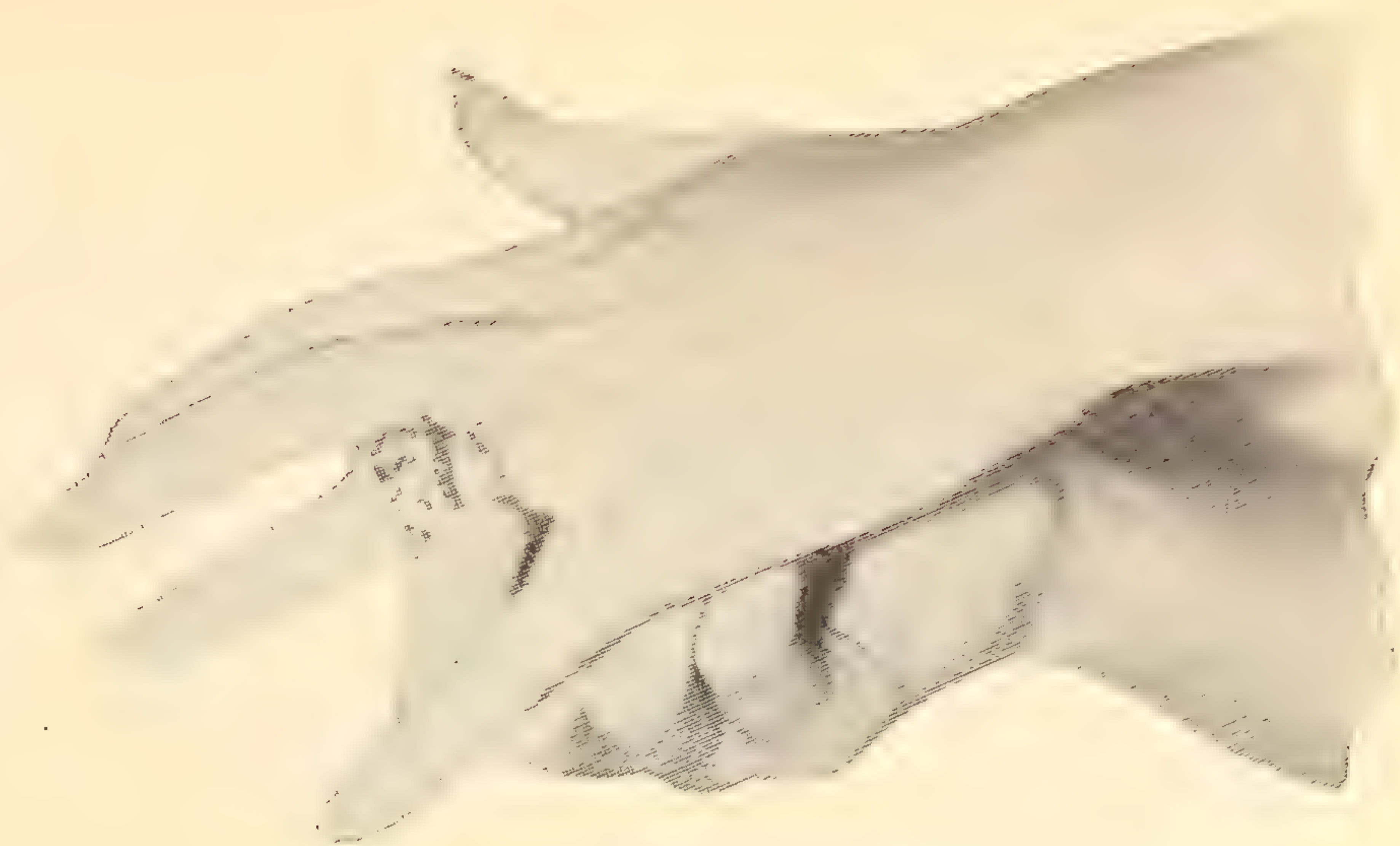
6. A full check collar and three check pockets mark this cobbler apron as a distinctive item. The colors are red, aqua and mustard with white. You can buy it at NEISNER BROTHERS for \$2.98. The tie-back belt and the button-down back are features for a good fit.

7. For a *must* on your shopping list—this "Sanforlan" slip-on zephyr wool sweater. Sold at KRESGE'S for \$3.95. Sizes 34-40. The color range is perfect for your mix-or-match outfits: white, red, navy, mocha, blue, yellow and green.



*Deborah Kerr's graceful
hands stay lovely with
a program of daily care
you'll want for your own*

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM



FINGER TIPS

■ ■ You don't have to believe in palmistry to know that hands are a giveaway as to the kind of person you really are. Even the prettiest face and the most luscious figure can't keep eyes from focusing on those busy and expressive extremities. Stars are so keenly aware of this that they make a point of following a regular hand-glamourizing routine. No once-a-week refurbishing for them.

Ask MGM's lovely Deborah Kerr to tell you the "secret" of her famously beautiful hands and she'd probably look at you in amazement. She wouldn't realize that the common-sense program she takes so for granted is still a mystery to many non-

professionals. But she'd be the first to reassure you that every trick she's learned, you can learn too.

Your first surprise comes when you compare the way Deborah washes her hands with your own technique. Deborah starts the procedure by filling the wash basin full with warm water—no finger-bowl-size moistening for our heroine. Notice too that the water is neither very hot nor cold, so that it cannot shock her hands into redness. She plunges both hands into the water and holds them there for a second or two before she reaches for the soap and nailbrush. (*This brief warm-up period helps open the pores in the skin.*) Then she (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



Work gloves, like Ebonettes, protect. Night gloves are fine for pampering.



Deborah exercises hands with massage to stimulate circulation, build tone.



Deborah's beautiful hands, firm nails reflect superb grooming, good health.

RECORD ROUNDUP

The "Jane Pickens Show"
is heard coast-to-coast,
six times a week,
on the NBC Radio Network
Monday through Friday,
2:45—2:55 P.M. EST.
and Thursday,
10:35—11:00 P.M. EST.

VERSATILE Jane Pickens, who has scored personal triumphs in every field of music, each month will select the finest in movie and popular recordings for our readers.

Tops In Movie Music

FRANK SINATRA'S "From Here To Eternity" and "Anytime, Anywhere" for Columbia . . . Ray Bloch's "From Here To Eternity" and "Re-Enlistment Blues," both from film of same name, for Coral . . . Fred Astaire's "Band Wagon" album for MGM . . . Richard Hayman's "Hi Lili-Hi, Lo," from "Lili," and "Something Money Can't Buy" for Mercury . . . Les Baxter's "Julie," from "Take The High Ground," and "Tropicana" for Capitol . . . Doris Day's "This Too Shall Pass" and "Choo Choo Train" for Columbia . . . Percy Faith's "Song From Moulin Rouge" and "Swedish Rhapsody" for Columbia . . . "The Story Of Three Loves," from film of same name, and "Sweet Lailani" by Jerry Murad for Mercury . . . "Anna" and "I Loved You," both from "Anna," by Sylvana Mangano for MGM . . .

Other Toppers

GORDON JENKINS' "Fury" and "Afternoon Dream" for Decca . . . Sunny Gale's "Love Me Again" and "Before It's Too Late" for Victor . . . "If You Want My Heart" and "My Love, My Life, My Happiness" by the Ames Brothers for Victor . . . Guy Lombardo's "There's Always Someone That You Can't Forget" and "Blue Dancing Shoes" for Decca . . . Champ Butler's "Ya Ha Bibbity Baby"



by **JANE PICKENS**

and "It Happened Once Before" for Columbia . . . Dinah Shore's "Choo Choo Train" and "Reflections On The Water" for Victor . . . Karen Chandler's "Transfer" and "Madonna" for Coral . . . Billy Eckstine's "I Can Read Between The Lines" and "It Can't Be Wrong" for MGM . . . Margaret Whiting's "Waltz To The Blues" and "C.O.D." for Capitol . . . Teresa Brewer's "Richochet" and "Too Young To Tango" for Coral . . . Jo Stafford's "Cup Of Joy" and "Living Only For You" for Columbia . . . Henri Rene-Hugo Winterhalter's "The Velvet Glove" and "Elaine" for Victor . . . "Dare I" and "Roamin' In The Glcamin'" by Hamish Menzies for Decca . . . Vera Lynn's "My Love, My Life, My Happiness" and "I'll Wait For You" for London . . . Bob Santa Maria's "The Night Holds No Fear" and "If You Say Goodbye" for MGM . . .

Grab Bag

COLUMBIA'S "Erroll Garner Plays For Dancing" album . . . "C'est Si Bon" and "Soft Warm Lips" by April Stevens for King . . . Bobby Wayne's "Miserable Love" and "His Business Is Love" for Mercury . . . "One-Sided Love Affair" and "For The Longest Time" by the Marvelers for Derby . . . Victor's "Me And Juliet" album with the original Broadway cast . . . Mantovani's "Ramona" and "Chiquita Mia" for London . . . Ray Anthony's "Dragnet" and "If Love Is Good To Me" for Capitol . . . Bing Crosby's "Granada" and "It Had To Be You" for Decca . . . "Put Some Money In The Juke Box" and "Rock-A-Bye Boogie" by the Modernaires for Coral . . . Mindy Carson's "Darling, Darling" and "I Never Let You Cross My Mind" for Columbia . . .

HOLLYWOOD ITSELF

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Imogene Coca and her handsome husband, Bob Burton, walked into the Interlude, which is the Sunset Strip's most beautiful, if not the most famous, nightclub. This great little gal was pretty quiet when she vacationed here, loafing about the pool and such, so it was kinda news when she showed up at the upstairs part of this here club—the downstairs is called the Crescendo.

All of Hollywood was saddened when Casey Adams got the tragic news that his mother and father had been fatally injured in an automobile accident near their home in Caldwell, Kansas. Casey was just getting packed to go to Germany for the picture "Night People" when he got the call from home. Ironically, his older brother was killed in an automobile accident about a year ago. With the exception of his 15-year-old sister, his entire family has been wiped out. Casey decided the best thing to do was go on to Germany and he took his sister with him. It's hard to figure out how such a heart-breaking thing could happen to such a nice boy.

Went to the big preem of MGM's "The Band Wagon" and you should hear what people were saying about Cyd Charisse! She looks like Ava Gardner, they say. Isn't she the sexiest thing in tights, they say. Isn't she beautiful—and on and on and on. Took 'em a long time to discover this gal, but—and we hate ourself for even thinking this kind of pun—everybody's climbing on the bandwagon for Charisse.

Not that Tony Curtis isn't always a pretty happy guy, but he's really got something to shout about since U-I picked up his option and gave him beaucoup de loot over his present weekly check. Tony's such a consistent favorite with the fans that U-I wasn't about to share the wealth with another studio, so they've tied him up for a long time. So he went out and bought himself a Jaguar. Coincidentally, his new picture will be "Johnny Dark," a story about a racing car driver.

Don't believe this junk about Ann Sheridan not coming back to Hollywood from Mexico, where she's taken a house that will hold all 15 of her poodles. Ann loves Mexico, Mexicans, and living the life of the siesta, but she also loves the town that gave her the successful career that made it possible for her to go to Mexico. See?

The town's pretty well divided still on the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson thing. Some of the Nelson friends are sticking with Miriam, who's wonderful. Most of Jane's friends side with her, saying the gal's never been happier in her life. Both Gene and Jane are booked into the Cocoanut Grove. Evidently it's the real thing with the kids, but don't ask us to take any sides in case you were planning to. **END**

HEARTBREAK FOR PIER?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Back home again, Pier confided that she was moving heaven and earth to get her studio to allow her to make a film in Europe. It didn't take a mathematician to figure out what was the attraction in Europe. MGM, though, had other plans and Pier had to rely on "absence makes the heart grow fonder" while making "Sombbrero" in Mexico and numerous personal appearances in South America. When asked about Kirk, Pier lost her customary impetuosity and became very reserved. She tried, though without success, to hide her youthful ardor.

"The studio does not wish me to discuss him. I like him very much. He is a very wonderful person. But there is nothing to a romance. When I marry it must be forever because of my religion and the way I feel about marriage. I think a wife should be ready to give up everything for a husband—and I'd gladly give up my career. It would mean nossing to me if it spoiled me for being a good wife and mother."

Pier's studio obviously didn't and still doesn't encourage speculation about a romance between the two. "The whole thing is silly," said a spokesman. "Pier won't talk about it and neither will we. There is nothing to it. And no use in talking about it."

But publicity-wise Kirk doesn't go along with that. He even called syndicated columnists from Europe, asking them to give his love to Pier! That seemed a rather roundabout way—unless Pier's phone was out of order . . . and that's hardly likely. Nor was he languishing for his lady love. He'd been seen about with English actress, Jackie Frost, and with a host of France's and Italy's lovelies, as well as the sun-bronzed beauties of Israel, where he went for location work on "The Juggler."

At present, Kirk is back in Rome working on "Ulysses" with Italian star, Silvana Mangano. At the end of May, Pier left for Europe to star in a film with Lana Turner—and naturally, to renew her romance with Kirk. But if she was unlucky enough to see the May 28th *Hollywood Reporter* before her takeoff, her love-heavy heart must have taken a dive as she read: "Rome-bound friends of Kirk Douglas in response to cables, arrive with special presents for Kirk's present flame—American-made girdles!"

While Kirk was disporting himself in Europe Pier wasn't sitting by the phone or playing solitaire either. Chaperoned by her sister Marisa, she was glimpsed at Ciro's with another unlikely date—man-about-town screen writer Sy Bartlett, more than twice her age, who with legal light, Greg Bautzer, has squired just about every glamour doll in town. The evening before, the little Angeli dined à deux with the new Latin star, blond Carlos Thompson, at the Macayo. And before that she was seen, suitably chaperoned, with Amadeo-Barletta, wealthy sugar king, sampling Havana's night life. In Mexico, Pier and her mother were escorted to the bull fights by Miguel Ale-

man, son of the then President of the country. Later, she was seen with David Schine, son of the theatre and hotel magnate and also with Arthur Loew, Jr., another wealthy heir to a theatre fortune.

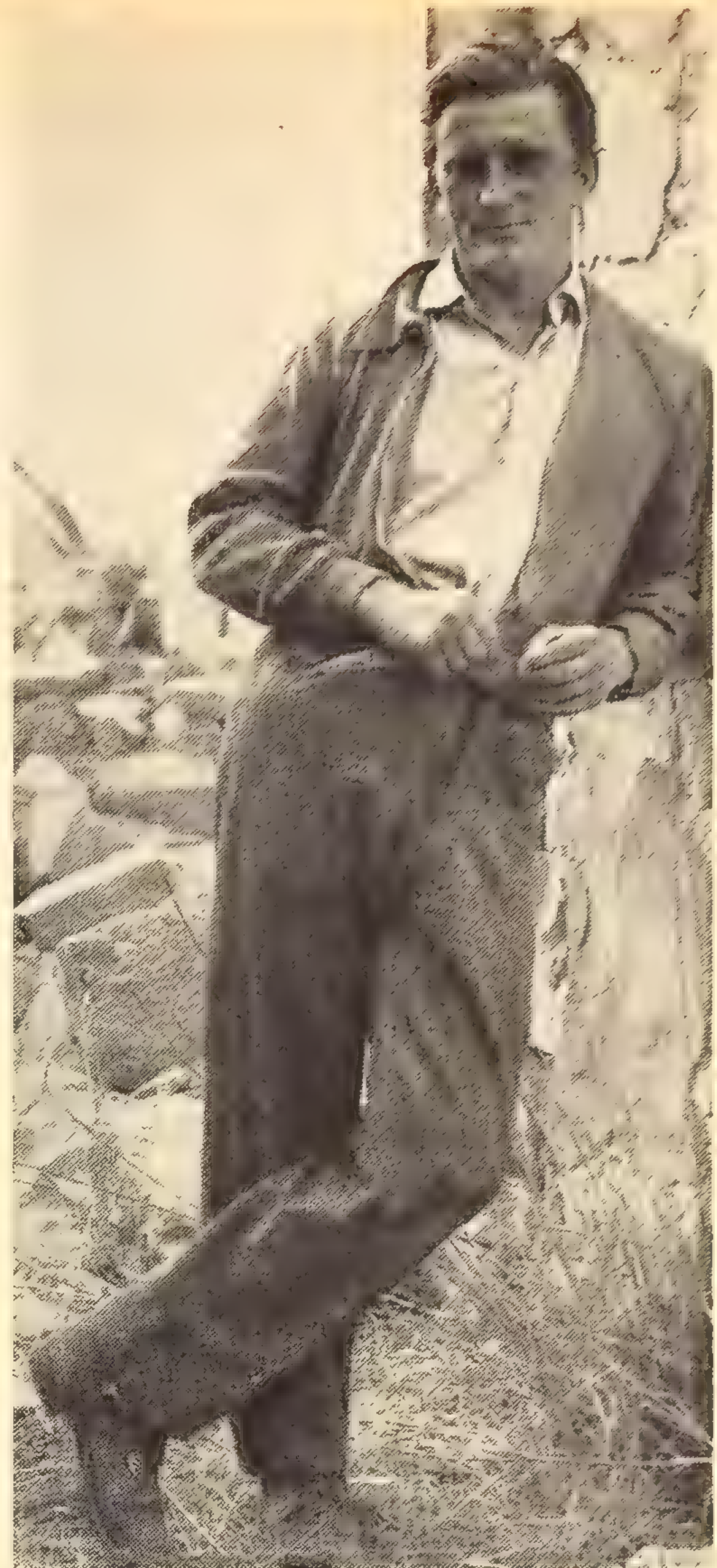
Speculation, naturally, began as to Pier's intentions. Had she been trying to show Kirk that two can play at love's game? Was she trying to tease him with her desirableness for other men? Or was she attempting to forget the fickle Kirk in the ardent glances of other men, equally charmed by her beauty and vibrant, bright-as-new-music personality? At any rate, Pier had shown that she has a penchant for men with money and importance.

All this is far different from the shy, ethereal child with dovelike eyes who first set foot in Hollywood a few years ago. She and her twin sister, Marisa, were like no other actresses in town and charmed all who met them with their beauty, their expressive accents, their girlish laughter, their complete lack of affectation, not to mention the fact that neither wore lipstick or makeup. Naturally, the eligible swains about town were interested—until they discovered that both girls were chaperoned by Signora Pierangeli to the point of exasperation. For Mama brought from Italy the ironclad custom of her native country that until a girl is 21 she does not, under any circumstances, go out with a man unless her mother, or some other proper relative, accompanies her.

Papa Pierangeli, an Italian architect, who passed away just before his family left for Hollywood, agreed about the strict chaperonage. "At home in Eetaly when my father lived, he did not like young mens around. So, we were always afraid he would be coming home and finding them. And when any mens asked to see us, we would say no, no, no. When we came here I liked very much going out, and I would go out every night if I could, but Mama doesn't allow this," explained Pier, candidly, the petulance against maternal authority showing through her high, tinkly voice. Her tiny waistline was set off by a black sweater, her shoulder-length chestnut hair with highlights of bronze, encircled the clear oval of her face, while her swirling wool skirt with its many stiffened petticoats switched as she moved about.

"Like all Eetalian mothers, my mother wants me to marry someone she considers suitable, one who comes of a nice family and offers security. She doesn't care too much about love, and tells me it will come later if I choose right. But I do not agree. I have to marry him, I tell her, not she. She is hurt and tells me I should take her word for it.

"I cannot discuss theese things with her—like all Eetalian parents it is an order. My friends tell me I am becoming Americanized while my mother is still an Eetalian. Believe me, I have tried patiently to convince her that I must have more liberty and freedom. This year, since becoming 21, I have won a bit more

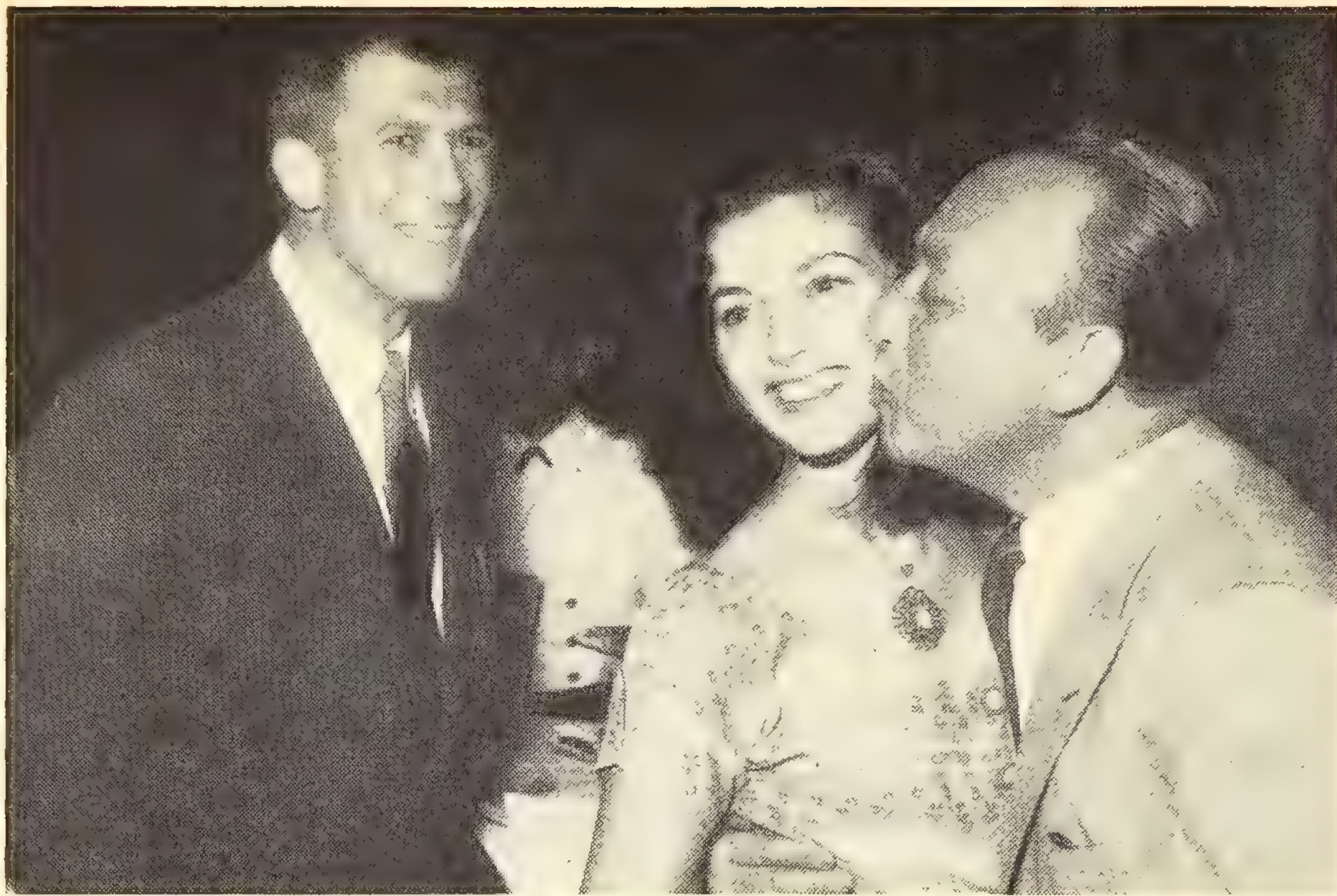


Kirk Douglas has built an amazing romantic reputation on two continents.

freedom. My mother doesn't worry about Marisa for she is more docile. But I'm not; I am against the constant chaperonage."

And this is the girl who has handed her untutored heart to Kirk Douglas. During the past three years that envied gentleman has been building (*even for Hollywood*) an amazing romantic reputation for himself. Married to Diana Dill, daughter of a wealthy businessman in the East, Kirk was divorced in 1950, his two sons, Michael and Joel, now eight and five, going with their mother. After the divorce, Kirk had a long romance with another socialite, Irene Wrightsman, and wedding bells were predicted. Friends thought it would be a good marriage since Irene had no pretensions to a dramatic career. For Kirk has stated that he thinks one movie career in a family is enough. The chief conflict in his marriage stemmed from Mrs. Douglas' determination to be an actress.

Though Irene was reputed to be carrying a torch, Kirk was soon playing the lush fields of Hollywood. He dated Rita Hayworth, Marlene Dietrich, Gene Tierney, Evelyn Keyes, Pat Neal, Elizabeth Threatt. It was noted that as time went on the girls became increasingly younger. After a swift romance with a Pasadena socialite many years his junior he dated June Haver, Terry Moore, who is barely out of her teens and Debbie Reynolds,



In Rome to film "The Flame And The Flesh," Pier Angeli gets a big kiss from Producer Joseph Pasternak, as the director, Richard Brooks, waits his turn.

who has just turned twenty—and now Pier Angeli.

Why did each of these romances stop short of orange blossoms and murmured "I do's"? What is it that attracts the cream of Hollywood to this elusive and intriguing gentleman? And what is there about him that makes him quickly discard one for another?

An associate of Kirk's has this to say: "Maybe I'm jealous, but frankly I can't understand Kirk. He's far from handsome; his early upbringing on the wrong side of the tracks has taught him few of the social niceties and graces; he doesn't use—or need—a 'line' as so many other Hollywood Casanovas do—he's got a surly kind of sex appeal, but he doesn't flaunt it—yet he has romanced enough lovelies to fill the little black books of five of the town's eligible bachelors.

"I don't think he's been serious about any of the dolls he's dated and frankly, I don't think he's serious about Pier Angeli. At 21 she might feel her heart is broken, but young hearts mend soon. I think there'll be an inevitable let-down for her because Kirk's real love at the

moment is his career. Maybe later a woman will replace that love—but not now."

Signora Pierangeli hopes that is correct. She is bitterly opposed to Pier's interest in Kirk for many reasons. Kirk is a divorced man; he is far too old for Pier; she is not ready to be cast into the role of stepmother to Kirk's beloved boys; his reputation as a lady killer of the "love-'em-and leave-'em" school makes Mrs. Pierangeli wary of him as husband material.

But Mama Pierangeli or not, Kirk flew to London on Pier's birthday and presented her with a lovely ring. Neither will make any comment as to whether the ring has any significant meaning, but Pier's friends are hoping she will not rush into marriage with Kirk while on this European trip. A few glamorous stolen meetings do not constitute the preliminaries for so serious an undertaking as marriage, and they feel Pier has a lot of growing up to do before she becomes an emotionally mature woman, able to cope with the problems a woman must inevitably face.

END

JOAN NEEDS ANOTHER HUSBAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Rue's, and now is asleep and I'm sitting here reading letters."

"But Joan," I was incredulous. "You don't sit home when you can go out with ———," I repeated several of the big names on my list, "who are dying to date you."

"Unless it is someone I really like, or some one I would like to meet, I would rather stay home than go out just to be going out," Joan said. "I will admit that I get lonesome at times. Any woman does who isn't in love—in love with some really wonderful man. But I haven't found

him yet." Then she confided, "Everyone's trying to do a little match-making. Friends invite me to dinner to meet this one or that one, but honestly, where is he? A man who could make a woman fall in love?"

"But—these—," I stammered.

Joan laughed softly, but not unkindly. "They want to go out with Joan Crawford the movie actress. They don't fool me. Most of them have sent flowers or telegrams. They aren't really interested in me. But one day—I keep hoping."

Imagine such honesty—to say you were

home on a Saturday night without a date (even if it were by choice) when you are such a name as Joan Crawford!

Here is a woman who has achieved the magic formula of being the glamorous exciting movie queen "way up there," and at the same time she has retained a rare down-to-earth camaraderie with everyone—studio executive, fellow actor, prop boy or fan. She is as likely to stop her car and wave "Hi, Amigo" to the man who delivers her milk as she would Dore Schary, head of MGM.

She fills the dreams and longings of millions of less privileged women, who see in Joan Crawford drama and color, and, with her, experience vicariously the emotional impact of romance and excitement not found in their every day lives. She is the "Dream Woman" of millions of men who like to escape every day actuality in the theatre, and be with Joan Crawford up there on the screen. For an hour or ninety minutes she "is my woman."

Joan is fascinating for her versatility, her great beauty and fame. She is inspirational for the good she does, the many charities to which she contributes, and the hospital rooms she keeps but forbids to be publicized. She is the devoted mother, perfect hostess and homemaker, and at the same time the glamorous, chic, bejeweled and elegantly gowned woman any man would love to take dining and dancing.

And yet Joan Crawford was sitting at home on a Saturday night. Loved by all Hollywood, she has not found love with the right man to bring her the happiness she hopes for and deserves. Where is the man to match such a woman?

Joan was on my mind, and a few days later I drove out to MGM studios to see her. I wasn't alone, for there were many visitors on the set where she was winding up "Torch Song." "That's her up there," a prop man whispered. I looked up, and there she stood, poised on the top stair of a long flight leading down to a night club floor. She was costumed in a startling electric blue sequined leotard with a full skirt slit to reveal her long, beautifully curved legs encased in net hose sparkling with rhinestones. Her large eyes were luminous and impelling, against a fine line of glitter which turned out to be sparkling diamonds on each eyebrow. There she stood against towering cutouts of modern day musicians, hypnotized in the ecstatic contortions of a jam session.

Joan began to sing the sensuous music and lyrics of "Two Faced Woman" in her low, sexy voice, and slowly she descended the stairs. The quiet was enveloping, as though only she were on the stage. Then the lights swung up, and she ran forward smiling, with outstretched hand, "Did you like it?" Her eyes were searching for approval. Her friendliness was warm and personal, but still she was that striking illusion that had just held everyone spellbound.

"The eyebrows," she smiled, with all of the candor of a schoolmate, "I wore them to a party last night, just for fun. Wanted to get a reaction. I got it," she said. Then she looked around at the set.

"It's been work, but I have loved every minute making this picture." Makeup men, hairdresser, unit publicity man, and a dozen more vied for attention. "I am so proud. All of this dancing and not even one sore muscle." She lifted a leg for the wardrobe women's inspection. "They are always sewing back the sequins I dance off," Joan smiled.

The group around her was closing in, but Joan called, "Why don't you come out Saturday. I've got the day off before starting 'Lisbon' at Paramount. Perhaps you would like to drive with Christopher, my best guy, and me back to his school." Naturally, I was thrilled to accept.

The following Saturday I drove out to Joan's house in Brentwood. Christopher answered my ring and escorted me inside. "Mother will be here in just a moment," he said, sitting down to play host until his mother arrived.

"Would you like a cold drink?" he invited.

Christopher went to the small bar and was about to bring me one when midway he turned back. "This isn't a company glass. Mother would want you to have one of the nicest ones," he said. Then he explained that Missy C. was detained for a moment by the policeman at the back door.

"My dog, Chappie, died," Christopher said. "He was poisoned, and Mother, you know how wonderful she is, she cried with me. She wants to make sure that no one else's pet in the neighborhood gets poisoned.

"I had a touch of virus so I have been home all week," Christopher continued by way of making conversation. He is ten years old, very blond, very handsome, and very well-mannered. "Tina and I switch-off weekends. We both go to Chadwick at Rolling Hills, Palos Verdes. The twins, Cynthia and Cathy, they are just almost seven. They stay home and go to school here."

Then Joan walked in. She wore grey slacks, a grey blouse and a long matching coat. Her hair was in pin curls, but she looked chic, for she was perfectly groomed, from top to toe. "Excuse me, May, I'll go upstairs, comb my hair and we'll be on our way." Then, "Did Christopher tell you of our tragedy about Chappie?" Her eyes turned to Christopher's with love and sympathy and understanding. While she ran upstairs, Christopher remarked, "The kids at school just wouldn't believe that Mother cooks our breakfast and helps us with our homework, and school work—everything. They think she's such a big movie star, they can't believe she is a real mother like all real mothers.

"She is the greatest," he sighed with an almost shy smile, suddenly becoming self-conscious in speaking of her. "Every year she's up for the Academy Award, but this last year she actually wanted Shirley Booth to win. She said she deserved it. I remember one time Mom had virus and I had to be the man of the house and go and accept an Award for her. I was so excited I forgot to take a bow for her when they gave it to me as M'ss Crawford's son. She works terribly hard. I think she works too hard. She's

always doing something for us—or for others.

"Christina, my sister," he continued, his face coloring ever so slightly with a boyish grin, "she has boy friends at school. She tells Mother about them. But most of the boys don't like me around when they want to see her."

Next Joan was giving her secretary last minute instructions and we were in the garage getting into the big blue Cadillac with Cliqout, her poodle, bouncing and barking his joy at the prospects of a long ride. As we drove we talked of this and that, but Christopher was always well included in the conversation. Joan was interested in his plans to go skiing, what kind of a camera his chum at school had, and just how to work it, and endless details, that most adults skip over with their children. Joan was right there with him.

At Palos Verdes, Joan turned the car up the hill to Rolling Hills. When we stopped in front of the school grounds at Chadwick, who was waiting to see her but Christina, now a lovely young lady of 14. So were a bevy of school chums. Soon Christopher's roommate came running up. They all said "Hello" to Joan.

Joan, with her arm wrapped around her daughter's waist, walked to the house where Christina lives to see some new arrangement. Christina, I noted, had the same coat as Joan's. Since she is now

within an inch as tall as Joan, they look like two sisters.

A number of school children stood looking at the car, fingering the initials "J.C." on the door. "Is this honestly Joan Crawford's car?" one boy was asking, when from behind him a rich, low, vibrant voice said, "Yes, it is. I am Christopher's mother. Christopher, won't you introduce your friend?"

Then there was a long hug and kiss in fact two or three, and Christopher was waving good-bye and Joan and Christina and I were driving back to Hollywood.

Now the conversation was about Christina's activities and her invitation for a weekend at the home of a schoolmate. Joan and Tina talked like two close chums.

"Mother has never never let me down," Christina said. "I can remember when I had to have an operation on my teeth, she was right there with me. And when I first went away to school, I'd get so home sick, I would call her. And she would drive out to see me. Sometimes at the beginning she would take me home."

"The separation was as hard for me," Joan said. "How I missed them when they first went away to school!

"How would you like to go to a picture with me? There is one showing at the Academy," Joan asked Christina.

"But Mother wouldn't you prefer to go out with your friends tonight, since it's



One-time co-star Robert Taylor greets Joan Crawford on her return to MGM for "Torch Song." She is still the vicarious "Dream Woman" of millions of men.



It's not the Continental gayety that keeps Greg Peck, (*signing autographs for Berlin fans*), abroad, but rather a reluctance to resume domestic difficulties.

Saturday night?" Christina answered. "I'd rather be with you," Joan replied simply.

I talked to Joan for a fast five minutes after we had reached home. "You can't devote all of your life to your children and to your work," I said, "You are too much woman. Give yourself a chance. The man doesn't have to be perfect," I laughed.

Joan laughed, too. "Don't worry too

much about me," she said. "But if you find one that you think is *the* one, at least let me know!"

"Dozens and dozens. Everytime I write your name, the telephone rings!"

"We're back to that," Joan laughed. "I don't mean that kind. I mean a real man!"

My telephone keeps ringing and I keep wondering about a man who will match and equal Crawford as a woman! **END**

EX-FAMILY MAN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

difficulties are giving him deep inner conflict. When a man feels the way he does about family life, a split-up does not come easily and there is always the possibility of a reconciliation. Yet, there's little doubt that Greg wants a change, notwithstanding his happy years with Greta.

Although he holds an undeniable fascination for all kinds of women, it must be remembered there had been only one love in his life—Greta—when he first arrived on the West Coast.

Throughout his Hollywood career Greg remained a one-woman man.

Thus, it is surprising that he and his wife are now approaching the parting of the ways.

Neither Greg nor Greta is saying anything. There has been no headline-making official estrangement, yet both appear determined to have complete freedom.

It's not that Continental gayety has taken such a strong grip on Greg, but rather that he does not want to return to Hollywood and resume unpleasant domestic difficulties.

This fact was strengthened by the sudden departure of Nunnally Johnson, 20th Century-Fox producer, for Europe to ar-

range for the forthcoming filming of "Night People" to be made in Berlin.

As far back as January, 1949, there were reports in Hollywood that Greg and Greta had reached the breaking point in their relations. He left their home in the Pacific Palisades and for two days she did not hear from him.

Soon, however, their life together was seemingly on a friendlier basis than ever. With his wife and children he set off for England to make "Captain Horatio Hornblower." Remaining in England for the Royal Command film performance, he put his young sons in school there. It is on record that he became very fond of England. And the British liked the Pecks.

Meanwhile, as a "young Gary Cooper," having for many film fans something of the shy but friendly manner of the older actor, a similar loping stride and the same intensity and wistful appeal, Gregory Peck began to cut a swath through European Society circles.

Europe began to discover that Greg was not the simple, withdrawn, somewhat one-dimensional character he usually portrayed on the screen.

Instead, Europe began to rate him as a many-faceted, sophisticated man-of-the-world—at home anywhere. It also realized he was at the top of the heap as a screen star, in demand everywhere.

Gregory Peck had come a long, long way from his New York World's Fair days of 1939 when he was a \$25-a-week barker for a midway roller coaster.

It was in June, 1952, accompanied, as usual, by his wife and children, that he found himself in Rome to do "Roman Holiday," with Audrey Hepburn.

He took a modest villa for the Summer at the seashore resort of Ostia, some 25 miles from the Eternal City. But he did not spend all of his spare time at the seaside. On many occasions when he had a respite from Director William Wyler's grueling dawn-to-dark "shooting" schedule, he would go sightseeing with Greta in an open carriage.

At other times they would take their sons, Jonathan, 8; Stephen, 6, and Carey Paul, 4, for strolls and rides about the city, Greg making his own snapshots of the celebrated ruins which figured in his new film.

Always they would be followed closely—and respectfully—by great crowds of people. It was understandable.

Gregory Peck, whom they dubbed "Gregori," had swiftly become the most popular American screen star ever to visit or make a picture in Rome. During his four-months sojourn he literally signed autographs by the thousands.

With the completion of "Roman Holiday," Peck went to Paris to join Greta, who had gone ahead with the children, to find a Winter home for the family and to register the boys in the school for the sons and daughters of the Diplomatic Corps.

And why not such a school? Weren't the Pecks Ambassadors of Good Will to Western Europe?

Gregory and Greta had a busy Autumn whirl in Paris—studying French, shopping, playing golf, going to the races, visiting the great couturiers and restau-

rants and cabarets.

The weeks sped by, and then last December the family journeyed to St. Moritz, Switzerland, for the Christmas season.

They had no sooner arrived in St. Moritz than the reporters wanted to know about the rumors of domestic discord. Asked if he and Greta were headed for the divorce courts, Greg said quietly but with emphasis:

"It doesn't happen to be so."

But the reports persisted. And when they reached Stockholm last January, Peck continued to deny them. That seemed sufficient for his Scandinavian admirers, most of whom, incidentally, were already aware that blonde, petite Greta was of Finnish ancestry.

There are those observers—most of them in Hollywood—who believe that Gregory Peck's marital steadfastness has been unconsciously influenced by the fact that he is the child of divorced parents.

Others are as quick to note that Greg and Greta, like most married couples, had had their share of disputes, but that deep down they have an abiding love for each other, cemented by the tremendous devotion each has for the children.

Greta, too, has been helpful to her husband in his work. He used to study his roles with her, she holding the script and impersonating the heroine. Now he speaks his lines into a recording machine and plays them back to himself.

Peck has always had the ability, rare in actors, to be able to see himself objectively, even to laugh at what he sees.

Perhaps, some of this comes from his hitherto generally happy private life. He was married to Greta on Oct. 4, 1942, while playing small parts with Katharine Cornell's company on the road.

Greta, in those days, was not worried about Gregory. Nor did she have cause to worry when, in 1942, after scoring a personal hit in a Broadway flop, called "The Morning Star," movie producers began bidding for his services as if he were—well, Gary Cooper.

The War had drained Hollywood of its top male stars—Gable, Power, Stewart, Fonda and others. There was Peck who could boast stage experience. By 1944, he was making \$114,000 a year!

By 1946, he was under contract to five studios to make 15 pictures in four years and his yearly salary had jumped to \$230,000.

The picture, "Keys Of The Kingdom," made him a star overnight. His name had become a household word. There was a succession of notable pictures—"Duel In The Sun," "Valley Of Decision," "Spellbound," "The Yearling."

Meanwhile, with the onrushing success, his head was not turned, his feet remained solidly on the ground. Remembering that he had been a modest young athlete, who in his college days had rowed on the University of California varsity crew, as well as an equally modest young Broadway actor, Greta had no fear her husband would "go Hollywood."

Her confidence was well placed.

Greg still liked to wear the same clothes day after day. Nor did he like parties any

more than when he first hit Hollywood. He would not go to any party unless Greta were invited, too. And when Greta was having her babies at the hospital what was Gregory doing? He was busy with the housework.

All the while he found her very helpful in keeping him on an even keel when he was inclined to fret over his roles. With her around, he was never high-strung and nervous. He even took with inward calm, the passionate love scenes in his pictures. Although they did not stir him unduly, he was able to make his love scenes much more than just two people grabbing at each other.

Greg remembers all those things that

have made his life with Greta so agreeable. He does not have to worry about temperament flaring up in his wife. He knows she is a wonderful mother.

He knows, too, that through the years she has kept her youth and vitality and good cheer. The Romans have many recollections—and snapshots—of their glad-some carriage rides and promenades about their beloved city. All these attributes have kept Greg young and happy, too—just as has his unpretentious California life.

And yet . . . there is the new Gregory Peck—the worldly sophisticate. And the indications are that he and Greta are finished with each other forever. **END**

GENE'S AFFAIR WITH ALY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

constant twosome, seen in various European capitals, dancing and dining and quite absorbed with each other. Six months after the start of their romance, the prince escorted the beauty to his giant castle in Ireland. The people of the little surrounding village were fascinated and frankly interested in every step the rich and famous pair took. The villagers made no pretense of looking out of the

corner of the eye. They just stared.

In their refreshingly candid way, the people of the town openly stationed themselves at the castle gates as if they were lined up to watch a parade. Knowing which suite is always occupied by the prince, they watched the windows for a clue to the location of the American beauty. They knew the exact moment in the morning when her draperies were



Since co-starring with Leo Genn in "Personal Affair" Gene Tierney has refused movie offers, preferring to travel from castle to villa with Aly Khan.

drawn to let in the fresh morning light, and the precise moment at which Aly Khan began his electric shave to the tune of his own gay whistling.

'Twas when the prince grandly bestowed a thousand dollars upon them for a favored project that the villagers gleefully commented to reporters on hand that Aly hadn't given them a sou when he brought Rita to his Ireland estate. "He seems lighter-hearted and much more generous this time," they nodded their heads meaningly.

They liked Gene's lively interest in the countryside and her sweet, unself-conscious manner with everyone. It was quite obvious from their remarks that they were betting on the side of marriage for these two cosmopolites who invaded their sphere from another world.

From Ireland Gene and Aly went to his home in Deauville, France, where Gene made news by refusing a movie part in order to remain with the prince.

Movie producer Paul Graetz flew from London to try to persuade Gene to play a leading part in "Monsieur Ripois," with French actor Gerard Philipe, being made in England.

Gene flatly refused. "I am happy," she told Graetz, "as I am."

Aly Khan, at her side, remarked, "I have nothing to do with Gene's movie career."

Gene and Aly were rarely seen in Deauville's gaming rooms and night-clubs. They preferred tennis, Aly's horses and his luxurious mansion.

A far cry, living in this mansion, from Gene's experience in England, only a matter of months before, when a rural British bailiff had invaded her country home to remove all the furniture!

Gene laughed gaily as she told me the story. Being a girl who adores green and growing things, she rented a country manor to house her tiny daughter, Tina, her mother, Belle, and herself when she went to England to make "Never Let Me Go" with Clark Gable for MGM.

Despite the long daily drive to and from the studio each day, Gene reveled in the English country life. "It's the most beautiful countryside I've seen anywhere," she enthused. "We were very happy in the house, too, among all the lovely old things with which it was filled.

"Unfortunately," she chuckled, "an aging officer of the law showed up one unexpected day and declared he was there to remove all the furnishings from the house. The owner," she paused dramatically, "had neglected to mention that they weren't paid for! Only the most earnest pleading persuaded the tender-hearted old gent to leave us the carpets and the beds for a few days until we could make some other arrangements!"

With great good nature, Gene resolved her strange experience philosophically by quickly leasing an apartment in the swank Grosvenor section of London, and bought a handsome black Jaguar auto for week-end excursions to the country to make up for city living. "Meanwhile, I'd fallen in love with some of the fine



Everything in Gene's manner qualifies her to be a Princess—if she wishes.

pieces in the country house," she remarked, "and I'm trying to track them down so I can buy some of them for my New York apartment. I keep that all the time," she added. "That's home-base for Mother, Tina and me."

That is the Tierney family—the three generations of women who dwell comfortably and happily together. Though few people realize the fact, Gene's first daughter by her former husband, Count Oleg Cassini, is not well and can't be with her mother. This is a secret tragedy in the life of Gene Tierney that makes her cling ever so closely to her tiny Tina, her other daughter by Oleg, whom she takes almost every place she goes. Three-and-a-half-year-old Tina even accompanied her mother to Argentina when Gene travelled there to make the movie, "Way Of A Gaucho."

Gene's way of mothering her little girl tells a lot about her. Tina is not turned over to the impersonal hands of a professional governess or nurse. She spends many hours of every day with her mother, even while a picture is shooting. No attempt is made to conceal the nature of her mother's work. She's brought to the studio to say hi and visit when Gene's hours at home are unduly limited—and Gene's entire attention turns to her baby when she's present. They are almost like two little girls together, but not on the itty-bitsy baby-talk level.

Homeloving as Gene may be by nature, at the same time her excellent international education and the grace with which nature has so generously endowed her take her entirely out of the "housewife" category. If she never made another movie, it is impossible to conceive that she would be described by the use of that typical audience radio show classification. She's far more the "socialite" type without representing its more superficial implications of artificiality or snobbishness.

Gene claims that she has enormous ad-

miration for women who can speak well on the spur of the moment. We were talking about being interviewed on the radio. She had guested on one of the same British Broadcasting Company air-shows as I. "I was so happy there was a script to read," she confided. However, Gene speaks with exceptional fluency about anything she knows—and one of the great secrets of her social charm is that she avoids talking about anything that isn't clear to her.

Instead she listens with interest, concentrates on what's being said. Thus she learns. Many men have raved to me about the beauty of Gene Tierney, yet not one of them has failed to mention her ingratiating, charming trait of being a good listener. Powerful as this quality may be as a weapon for captivating the hearts of all males, it's my contention that Gene is trying less to flatter male vanity than to listen with intelligent understanding.

What has all this to do with whether Gene Tierney will become a princess? It has everything in the world to do with whether she can fill the role more successfully than her predecessor. It's no secret that Rita couldn't hold Aly's attention. She complained bitterly. On the other hand, to borrow a phrase—Gene is to the manor born. Everything about her manner, her deportment and her appearance qualifies her to hold a magnetic, educated and titled cosmopolite—if she wants him.

Does Gene want Aly Khan? Regard her past. She has not dated as widely and indiscriminately as many movie girls. Rather she has tended to bestow sustained attention only on those few in whom she's been genuinely interested, despite a telephone that's never long silent.

I didn't beat around the bush when I asked her in London about a supposed flaming romance between her and her co-star, Clark Gable. She grinned. "I've never had a date with him, not even once," she confided. "He's wonderful to work with, but I never see him away from the set."

Furthermore, I checked and learned that what she said was one hundred per cent true. I told Gene during one of our get-togethers that a handsome young American movie star whom she knew had told me he would like to call her if only he had her phone number. "How long is he going to be in town?" she asked me.

"Only a few days," I told her.

"All right, then," she winked, "you can give him the number." Gene explained that she thought he was a very nice chap and wouldn't mind a casual date, but she had no desire for anything more.

Rumor has also had her romantically linked with other famous men, Kirk Douglas for one. Recall, however, that she put a cool and courteous end to any such rumors merely by not showing up in the limelight with the men in question any more.

But Gene Tierney has made no attempt to conceal her enjoyment of Aly Khan's company, no effort to hide the fact that

he has been her constant companion for a good many months since I saw her last.

Since she is far too used to the company of celebrated and royal personages to be girlishly impressed with a name or a title, one can only estimate that her romance with the prince is the most exciting and satisfying personal attraction she's felt since Oleg Cassini, whom she frankly credits with influencing her tastes greatly. He, too, represented a sophisticated, international way of living. She speaks highly of the man from whom she became divorced almost two years ago.

Permit me the speculation that perhaps she liked very much rather than loved Oleg. It's doubtful that she'd settle for less than an enveloping love match for a second marriage. Her behavior toward Aly Khan, so different from the casual interest she has displayed toward other men since her divorce, looks mighty significant to those who know Gene well. So does Aly's unswerving attention to Gene. He's a fascinating man and one with an eye alerted to feminine beauty. There's only been one beauty within his range of vision these past many months—Gene Tierney. **END**

A WOMAN IS MORE THAN LEGS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

her head to the tips of her toes. Her petal-soft skin was the kind that women would sacrifice each other for, her deep penetrating green-gray eyes and piquant, inviting lips the kind that women, if they too could have them, would sacrifice any man for.

She was getting ready for a dress rehearsal of the exciting ballet, "Carmen," the role that zoomed her predecessor, Renee "Zizi" Jeanmaire, to international fame in "Hans Christian Anderson." When I entered, she was pulling her stockings tight over her curvaceous thighs. She asked me if they were on straight. I was so hypnotized that I wasn't able to differentiate between a straight line and a flying saucer!

Naturally, I suggested a discussion on legs.

"Legs, poof! What are legs?" she asked in a delicious mixture of French and English. "Can they talk? Do they think? They are only two pieces of flesh with crazy bones criss-crossing inside. They are good for walking to a cafe, standing on a bus, or working—in the ballet, on a bicycle, or in this game you call *bazebul* maybe. That is all. Legs, they are nothing to write about."

But, brethren and sistern, hers *are* something to write about! Her legs *do* talk, in a language that everybody understands. What enunciation! What vocabulary! No wonder all scenery and costumes have to be fire-proofed for every Marchand performance!

"You know," she said, "this is the first time in my life I am being interviewed for an American movie magazine. It is thrilling!" Too anxiously, I agreed. "I was in America, my dear. I danced in New York, San Francisco and many other nice places. What a country! All night, one can find something to eat. Bacon with eggs, hamburgers on the grill, these barbecued meats. Extraordinary! And everything looks so healthy! The fruit juices, the how you call . . . drug stores, the A. & P., women, men, babies, everything. It's marvelous."

"You people are so enthusiastic, much more than in Europe. When you love an artist, you applaud, you laugh, you shout, you huddle him to your big breast. You

are not afraid to show your affection and your appreciation with every piece of warm feeling you have. Yes, my dear, it is marvelous."

I agreed. For some inexplicable reason, I was in a very agreeable mood. I immediately suggested that we talk some more about legs. I told her that American males were very serious about the problem of legs. I pointed out that though the "gam" girls like Grable, Russell and Monroe had their passionate supporters, I had every reason to believe that once she had a chance to reveal her pulchritudinous prizes to the men of America, there would be a violent realignment of forces.

"Now, let me tell you something, darling," she replied after looking me over searchingly for a moment. "You can go too far with all this business about the legs. There is more to a woman than legs. Look at me! Arms, face, hair, is it not so? I am a body, a woman, complete." She posed for me, proving her point admirably, then fell

into a chair, her body pulled taut. "What would it mean if I cut these legs off, all by themselves? They could do nothing! It would be mad, ridiculous. I'm a dancer, and when I dance, I have no arms, no legs. I forget about everything! I give all my mind and all my body to the music. I am in another world. And when I act, I am not myself. I am somebody else, with other arms and other legs. I want the public to know that I am a dancer, an actress, not just a long pair of sticks."

"Now take your John Huston, who directed 'Moulin Rouge.' He comes to Paree. He sees me dancing in this stage show, 'Plein Feu,' I do with Maurice Chevalier. He sees my legs on the stage. They move this way and that, on the toes, off the toes, front, back, and sideways. Does he faint? Does he scream? Does he send for the gendarmes or the fire-department?"

"No. He comes to my dressing room quietly, and says please, Miss Marchand, will you come to London to make a screen test for *Marie Charlet*? I protest. I am frightened. Why not? Never have I acted before, in my life, not even in French! He persuades me. I fly to London after the show, saying to myself, oh, you crazy fool. I make the test, come back to Paree for the next performance, and try to forget about it. What else, when I am told that Mr. Huston considers two hundred other girls for the part?"

"To this day, I do not know exactly why he choose me, but this is not my point. John Huston sees at once that I am woman, an actress. He covers my legs so nobody can see. What an intelligent man, what a great man to hide my legs from the world and let me play this bad, tragic *Marie*. You see, my dear, he was not so interested in my legs that he could not see my face. Look at this face. I have crazy bone structure, no? Because of it, I can look sad, stupid, sexy or slimy. Now, do you understand?"



"Everything I am I owe to men," Colette Marchand tells author Henry Kaufman, adding, "Not how you are thinking . . . I want you to know I am very good girl."

She rose and moved to her mirror, a symphony in feline grace.

"For this John Huston, I would do anything. Such a genius. And to think he wants me to play with Jose Ferrer in 'Matador,' when he makes the film in Spain. I can hardly wait for the shooting to begin. I tremble and pray, I am so excited. It may be that he will show my legs to the public, maybe a little, maybe more than a little, but only because it is for the part I play, and that, my dear, is how it should be.

"Everything I am, I owe to men."

I forced my eyes off her legs, eagerly awaiting some revelation. She waved her finger at me in a "naughty, naughty" gesture.

"Not how you are thinking, you bad boy. I want you to know that I am very good girl. It is true that I am not married, and that I have many men friends, but I am not one of these women who go around making scandals about love and marriage or somebody else's husband. It is very foolish, very unnecessary, and I don't like it—even if I am French.

"I make no secret about how much I owe Mr. Huston. I would wait forever to do a picture with him, and go anywhere to do it. But there is another man about whom I must speak. So charming, so creative, so sweet, so beautiful is my Roland Petit. And what an artist. Such theatrical instinct. And such a flair. To dance with him in his ballets is an experience like poesy. It is one moment rich, red wine, the next the most bubbling champagne. To find myself in a film with both Roland and John Huston would for me be a glorious dream.

"Come with me. I must go and do exercising before the rehearsal, and you will have a chance to meet Roland, I hope."

She jumped up and gave her *Carmen* costume—which consisted mainly of a daring black-lace and yellow-silk skirt and a provocatively-designed bodice of black and brilliant yellow—an abrupt tug, smoothed the long stockings which covered her you-know-whats, picked up her fan, patted her smart, short hairdo two or three times, and took me by the hand. As soon as she came on the stage, she stopped, twirled, then opened her arms wide.

"I love stages with great passion. All my life, I think only of the stage. To you, this may look like a barn. To me, it is exquisite architecture. I was little baby when I begin to dance. And what hysteria the day I was accepted as one of 'les petits rats' at the Paris Opera Ballet school. Night and day, we worked and slaved. Like the French film, 'Ballerina,' it was. And how my heart ached to be chosen to walk on the big stage of the Opera house, to look spiritual like an angel, fresh like a flower, or wicked like a cupid."

A dark, slender man in black tights started across from the other side of the stage. "Roland," she screamed. They kissed one another. "Here he is, my darling genius." She led him to me, and

we shook hands and chatted a moment. He then excused himself, and bounced away doing a *tour jeté*.

I asked Colette if there was any truth in the talk that Petit was the cause of a feud between Jeanmaire and her, resulting in the former's departure from the company. She waved an accusing finger at me again.

"Oh, no, chérie. No, you don't. You will not get me mixed up in circles or triangles or whatever other part of geometry you call it. I give you my face, I give you my arms, even my legs I give you, but not my heart. It is mine alone, all mine, and I will not tell anyone what it feels about love."

She put her hand on her chest as if to protect her heart from harm.

"In every company, *mais naturellement*, there is a bit of jealousy perhaps. But I, at least, am a very peace-loving girl. If somebody starts a fight with me, I just walk away, deaf and dumb. I may think many things, but I do not open my mouth to say one single word in return.

All my life, I hate arguments like a plague. Always, I hate fights with anybody, even women.

"Please write beautiful things about me. And if you want to, after you speak of my face and hair and costume, of John Huston and Roland, you can write oh, yes, this Marchand also happens to have two legs. These poor things of mine are so used to springing to life when they hear music. And when the girls in 'Moulin Rouge' were knocking themselves out doing this Can-Can, these legs were dying to join in. How I would have loved to get in the back row and dance and dance until I fall down into a faint. Let me show you." She screamed to Petit, who was limbering up. "Roland, watch."

Humming the gay Offenbach music, she began to dance, kicking her legs high, twisting and turning furiously, and, screaming wildly, ended with a perfect split.

Colette really can "Can-Can," and with the best of them. END

DOROTHY KILGALLEN'S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

scuttlebutt. Actually, Cary and Betsy have commissioned interior decorator W. Jay Saylor to refurnish their new 22-room Colonial mansion in Beverly Hills and have it ready before Thanksgiving. Hollywood's top-drawer hostesses are waiting to see if the Grants will come out of their anti-social shell and entertain lavishly in the newly appointed abode. The odds are against it! . . .

If and when George Sanders files suit for divorce from Zsa Zsa Gabor, he'll not only name Porfirio Rubirosa as "the other man," but will also claim payment for the daily trans-Atlantic telephone calls Zsa Zsa made to "Ruby" in Paris, London and Rome; the jewelry purchased by Zsa Zsa before she went to Europe and the various gifts purchased by her and sent to local Hollywood pals. George got



Betty Grable, getting tips from Director Jean Negulesco on "How To Marry A Millionaire," may do one-nighters with Harry James' band, by popular request.

the Gabor brush-off and the bills! . . .

Patrice Wymore called off her Errol Flynn divorce plans because of pending motherhood. After the birth of their first child, the Wymore-Flynn lawyers will once again go into a huddle in an effort to straighten out the marital difficulties. Pat wants a divorce without alimony, but support for their anticipated offspring. It's that cut-and-dried . . .

The Marilyn Morrison-Johnnie Ray divorce settlement will leave him flat broke unless the singer can get Marilyn to accept the terms on a long-range plan. Her remarrying anyone else would not interfere with future payments . . .

Greta Garbo, who certainly doesn't need the money, is \$250,000 richer by virtue of oil being found on a piece of Long Beach, California, beachfront property she's owned for more than fifteen years . . .

Mrs. Michael Wilding (*Elizabeth Taylor*) declined to accept any telephone calls from her ex-husband, hotel heir Nicky Hilton, when he called her long-distance from New York-to-Hollywood, in an attempt to arrange a meeting with Liz and his newest heartbeat—Russell Lee—a beautiful young concert singer. The Taylor lass wasn't having any of it . . .

Kathryn Grayson's secret romance with a San Francisco stock broker has her behaving like the heroine of a novel. She signs hotel registers "Zelma Hendrick"—her real name—when she flies up to the Bay City for weekends away from Hollywood. At the Hotel Huntington she denied her true identity and even went so far as to tell a very hep newshound he was very much mistaken, and further, she didn't even know who Kathryn Grayson is! . . .

Shelley Winters and her handsome husband, Vittorio Gassman, are on the verge of writing the familiar unhappy ending. Vittorio doesn't appreciate Shelley's all-American girl attitude toward her acting career, and Shelley hasn't paid much attention to his hints that she become *Just a Wife*. She's been advised by legal aides not to travel to Italy with Gassman and not to take their child with them anywhere out of the country, Canada, Mexico and Jamaica, B.W.I. included . . .

Linda Darnell confused the eagle-eyed gossips along the Cannes-Capri grapevine long enough by dating both wealthy New York brewer Philip Leibmann and attractive Italian film producer Peppino Amato at the same time. She dated Kirk Douglas when both gents weren't looking . . .

The \$3,700-a-month alimony Dean Martin pays his first wife is the reason she isn't remarrying . . .

The Polly Bergen-Jerome Courtland reconciliation "took" nicely for a while.



Debbie Reynolds' frankness on stardom is giving MGM brass food for thought.

They second-honeymooned at his mother's East Side penthouse apartment in Manhattan before returning to Hollywood where they divided all over again.

Frank Sinatra gave Ava a Welsh Corgi pup and she named it Skinny Rebel. (Now who could that be?) . . .

Sonja Henie returns to the screen early next year in a lavish Technicolor musical to be produced in CinemaScope. Gene Nelson will be her leading man . . .

The senior Bob Wagners are somewhat miffed at their son Bob Wagner's insistence upon choosing such older fellow-actors as Clifton Webb and Dan Dailey, Jr., as steady pals. The Wagners feel their boy should enjoy the companionship of young film players and haven't hesitated to say so. The situation is touchy at the moment . . .

Intimates think Debbie Reynolds has "had it." The hard-working young star has indicated she'd like to freelance after the expiration of her present MGM contract. The ever-candid actress, who claims movie stardom is secondary to a real happy home life, is giving her studio bosses food for thought. Better roles in fewer pictures might be the answer to the upcoming contract renewal deadline . . .

Everywhere Harry James tours he discovers a big demand for Betty Grable. So she may do one-nighters with the band.

The John Carradines (actress Sonia Sorrel) celebrated their 15th separation by hosting a midnight champagne barbecue at Malibu Beach—the next day they began their reconciliation routine all over again . . .

Dolores Del Rio will be confined to her home in Mexico City with a painful case

of neuritis for at least another month, thereby postponing the film she was to make in early December . . .

Gene Tierney walked out on Aly Khan in Paris when he walked into a cocktail reception at the American Embassy with Suzanne Dadolle on his arm (Clark Gable, the stunning French mannequin's "steady," was in London) . . .

Hedy Lamarr and Earl Blackwell, President of Celebrity Service, went swimming off the rocks at Cap D'Antibes, France, and swam out to a small yacht anchored off-shore. Pulled aboard by a member of the crew because they were unable to get back to shore without resting, Hedy and Earl got the surprise of their lives when they discovered the craft belonged to one of Hedy's former husbands—Fritz Mandel. After a fast hot drink, they dove back into the brink and made for the shoreline in record time. Mandel, asleep aboard, never had the opportunity even to say hello to his ex-wife . . .

Sometimes life moves fast for the glamour kids. Liz Scott and John Lindsay met, fell in love, became engaged, had a tiff and stopped speaking to each other—all before any of the official Hollywood gossips were even aware that they had been introduced! And now the biggest torch being carried in Hollywood is that being toted about by Lindsay—not for Liz, but for his ex-wife, Diana Lynn . . .

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., may be fighting Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the law courts if Young Doug proceeds with the release of "The Sinner," the controversial film starring Hildegard Neff. FDR Jr. represents Worldwide Films, a New York outfit claiming prior rights to the flicker, and he is expected to wage a battle royal if it is shown in the United States . . .

Eddie Fisher's promoters say Mario Lanza had first crack at recording the song, "With These Hands," and turned it down. That's the nicest thing that's been said about Mario this year! . . .

Lana Turner let loose with a blast at Lex Barker when he failed to keep a luncheon date with her in a London restaurant in fashionable Mayfair. A British newsman who overheard Lana's derogatory remarks duly recorded the scene and dialogue for his publication. It made headlines the next day and was the beginning of the end for the Turner-Barker idyll. A little investigation uncovered the fact that the scribe was one of the members of the London press whom Lana offended several years ago when she visited the English capital with her ex-husband, Bob Topping . . .

Britain's Royal Family is proceeding full steam ahead with plans to send Princess Margaret Rose to the U. S. via Canada, Bermuda and Nassau on a "strike up the good will" mission. Buckingham Palace officials think the visit

would accomplish one thing: delight the American public, which took such an interest in the Coronation. Hollywood stars and society czarinas are dusting off their tiaras in anticipation—a tour of movie-town would be included on Her Royal Highness' itinerary, at her own request, of course. She's the world's most famous movie fan!

Marilyn Maxwell went from golden locks to a deep, dark auburn, and from one agent to another. She tired of the Marilyn Monroe comparison and movie bids were getting scarce . . .

The only girl Tab Hunter would seriously consider marrying is Lori Nelson, none other . . .

The wife of one of TV's newest comedians (due to make his Hollywood film debut next Summer) is taking French lessons, diction lessons and golf lessons

concurrently, and her conversation at Lindy's during recent months is funnier—unconsciously—than Milton Berle's. If a waiter gets in her way she says "Fore!" If someone asks her if she wants coffee she replies, "S'il vous plait!" and acknowledges all introductions with "charmed" and "Hodjadoo." Sort of a combination Ben Hogan, Denise Darcel and Ethel Barrymore, with chopped chicken liver on the side. Her funnyman husband is slowly dying a little each day from sheer embarrassment . . .

Farley Granger left New York for Rome in a huff after blasting Dawn Addams because she backed out of a planned elopement. Pals close to the young actor say if he doesn't marry Dawn he'll remain a confirmed bachelor. Farley also blew a gasket when a neighboring patron in a Gotham cafe called him "Farfel" the night before he sailed for Europe. Such language! . . . **END**

CLAUDETTE SCUTTLES THOSE RUMORS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Johnson—the Johnsons are dear friends of ours—wrote me about some of the ridiculous stuff he'd been reading. I wish that I'd saved his letter. He ended it by saying he didn't care about my coming back to Joel, but when was I coming back to him? Then, another of our friends sent me an item published in a column of one of those bargain-counter snobs. All the European capitals are buzzing about Claudette Colbert's romance with Anton Walbrook, the charming British star, is what it said. Would that so-called columnist care to know that I have yet to lay eyes on Anton Walbrook—except in a picture? And that European capitals have a few other things to buzz about? Probably not. Walbrook and I were set to do a film together in Austria—a modern Don Juan sort of thing. It was delayed, and since I had other commitments, I couldn't do it. And that's as close as Anton Walbrook and I ever came."

I explained why there were such rumors. Here she was in Europe for more than a year without Dr. Pressman, and it was natural that people would talk. She looked at me, almost helplessly, as if to say, "what can I do about it?" She fingered the edge of her chair, then said brightly, "Maybe if people understood why I came over in the first place, it might help." I replied that it was certainly worth a try.

"I came over to London to make 'Outpost In Malaya,' a script I thought well of. I did not, as has been said, come over purposely to take advantage of the 18-month provision in the tax law. After 'Outpost In Malaya,' I agreed to do this Don Juan film in Austria. That kept me waiting for months, until I had to bow out because I had agreed to do 'Destinees' in Rome. That, by the way, was something! You had to be trilingual, ambidextrous and multilateral.

I was acting in English, the others were emoting in Italian, and the director was French! What an experience! I'll never forget it as long as I live.

"Anyway, after 'Destinees,' I was approached to do 'That Lady' in Spain—the play Katharine Cornell did on the stage three years ago—and I decided to do it. It gives me a chance to adorn myself in some fabulous costumes for the first time in a long time, and I like the part very much. In case anybody misunderstands, let me say right here and now that there's a possibility that the same Anton Walbrook will be in it, too! 'That Lady' was supposed to go into production in June, but was delayed until the Fall.

And once that's finished, that's it, brother. I'm going home!

"I have something to say about this 18-month business. I don't see why Hollywood should be singled out for criticism. If you're going to exempt oil people from paying taxes on money they earn abroad, it's discrimination if you don't allow people in all professions the same right. What's good for one, is good for another. Anyway, Americans have been taking advantage of this situation for four or five years now, and it just isn't fair to make picture people sound so selfish and unpatriotic.

"Now as to Joel and me. You see, my husband does important work—more important work than I do. He teaches medicine at the University of California, and that keeps him busy continuously from September to June. In addition, as a specialist of prominence, he is always being consulted by patients and doctors everywhere. Then, there are medical conventions, research papers, special research papers, special reports. I admire Joel, and respect both his remarkable ability and his uncompromising concentration on his work. If you want to put it that way, he's a star, too, a brilliant star, who is making a great contribution to people's welfare.

"We have a marvelous life together. I adore medicine, and half our friends are from the film world, half from the medical profession. It's a good and stimulating combination. But because we both take our work seriously, we sometimes can't avoid situations which are difficult to bear. I saw Joel here at Christmas. I can't tell you what it meant to be together. I'll see him again before I go home. Each visit is a short one, but it has to be, and I'm not going to complain. People need Joel. I need him, too, of course, but I have always made an effort to avoid making unnecessary demands on him. Joel is a scientist, through and through, dedicated to his profession. I



Making "Destinees" in Rome with young Gian-Carlo Pannella was an experience Claudette Colbert will always remember. But she missed her husband terribly.

seem to be his Achilles heel, his one weakness. And I'm grateful and glad!"

She laughed at that, asked me to join her in a Perrier-Cassis, a refreshing drink on a warm Paris day. I asked her about her simple outfit—a black blouse, and checkered black-and-white skirt.

"It's as American as can be. I haven't done much buying here, though they do have lovely things. You know there's such a thing as competition now between Italian and French designers. Some of the Italian creations I've seen are striking, but sometimes too striking. I still feel that the French can hold their place for chic. And that's not because I was born in France, either."

As she poured the syrup into the glasses, a poodle puppy lumbered in from the bedroom, and unsteadily made his way towards the star. She bent over, and took the dog in her arms. "I need him like a hole in the head," she explained. "I have three back home, but began to miss them so, I couldn't resist this one when I saw him." She handed her new companion to me, and he sat quietly on my lap, listening carefully and watching his mistress affectionately, one eye closed.

"I love being in Paris," Claudette commented with enthusiasm. She handed me my glass, took hers, and walked to the window. She beckoned me to join her. Her poodle looked mournful when I put him down and walked over to see the extraordinary panorama of Paris before us. Claudette seemed lost in reverie. Her voice was difficult, strangely husky, when she spoke. "I was three when we moved to New York. I was born over there, near the Bois de Boulogne." She indicated the direction with a wave of her hand. "Frances Goldwyn always said that there was such a thing as blood memory, a kind of sixth sense which stirs your subconscious, mysteriously makes you feel at home in the land of your ancestors. I agree with Frances. Even though I have no conscious memory of the three years of my childhood, I have the most peculiar feeling of belonging. I feel as if I understand the French so well, because I'm like them, because I have both their qualities and their faults. Frances is English, and she feels the same way in London as I do in Paris."

There was a knock at the door, and a tall, hardy Swedish masseuse was admitted, and went on to the bedroom to wait until we had finished. Claudette put her hand on my arm and looked at me pleadingly. "Please let me talk about the adventures of Claudette for a minute." I told her she could talk about anything she wanted.

"You know how I love to paint. Painting makes me forget everything—well, almost everything—that distresses me. So far, I've concentrated on portraits, but the other day I decided I'd try landscape for a change. I went out to what I thought was an isolated spot along the Seine, not far from Paris."

Her story was becoming a performance. "I had a bandana covering my hair." She put her hands over her head to try to give me the effect. "Wore the

oldest clothes I had." She looked glum, forlorn, as if she were wearing a gunny-sack. "Wore no makeup." She tried to give her face a blank expression—of course, an impossibility for Claudette Colbert. I sat down, bewitched and delighted by this impromptu show, wishing that it could be filmed for all to see.

"Blithely, I began to put up my easel," she continued, "chirping away like a silly girl." She made the motions, whistling madly. "A woman came up to me, said, 'Are you Claudette Colbert?' 'No,' I replied, hunching my shoulders, trying to hide my face, acting like I was something out of 'The Hunchback Of Notre Dame.' And all this in French, mind you! 'No?' the woman demanded, 'You look exactly like her.' A stern look was in her eyes. 'People have told me that before,' I replied, 'but I'm not.' She stared at me furiously, went away, and began to stop people. Pointing at me, she repeated to everybody who came along, 'She says she's not Claudette Colbert.' Everybody began to repeat it to everybody else, so that in twenty minutes I had this crowd of people looking indignantly at me, angrily chanting to one another that I wasn't Claudette Colbert. I quickly gathered my things together, and made a hasty exit. Thus, ingloriously, ended my career as a Paris landscape artist!"

She waved her hands high to indicate that it was the end, and, her eyes dancing in merriment, collapsed in her chair.

But what about her other career, as actress? What, I asked, did her future look like? Did she, as some thought, believe that she was definitely on the down-grade, that before long, she would be finished as a star?

"I have had a long, wonderful career. I've been on top for 23 years. I know that there are few who have been so fortunate; and I also know that it can all end tomorrow. That's how things go in this business, and I'm prepared to take the bad with the good. But I certainly don't think I'm on the way out. You must remember that I've freelanced for ten years now. That has its advantages and its disadvantages. It means that you can pick your own roles, but that you have to sacrifice the security of a weekly pay-check. But I'm glad I did what I did, and heaven knows that there are plenty of offers from all directions. And someday, I might get back to the stage. Sure, I wonder about what's going to happen, sure, I think about money, but no more than the average person. Isn't it true that no matter how you earn your living, you have to give some consideration to tomorrow?"

"But there is one thing I do want to say about Hollywood. It's thrilling to see first-hand the extraordinary reach of American films. It's so touching to have people in the smallest villages of France and Italy come up to me—except when I'm painting!—and, as if they were seeing a dear friend again, wish Madame or Signora Colbert godspeed. This is a real tribute to all those who've worked so hard to make America the entertainment center of the world."

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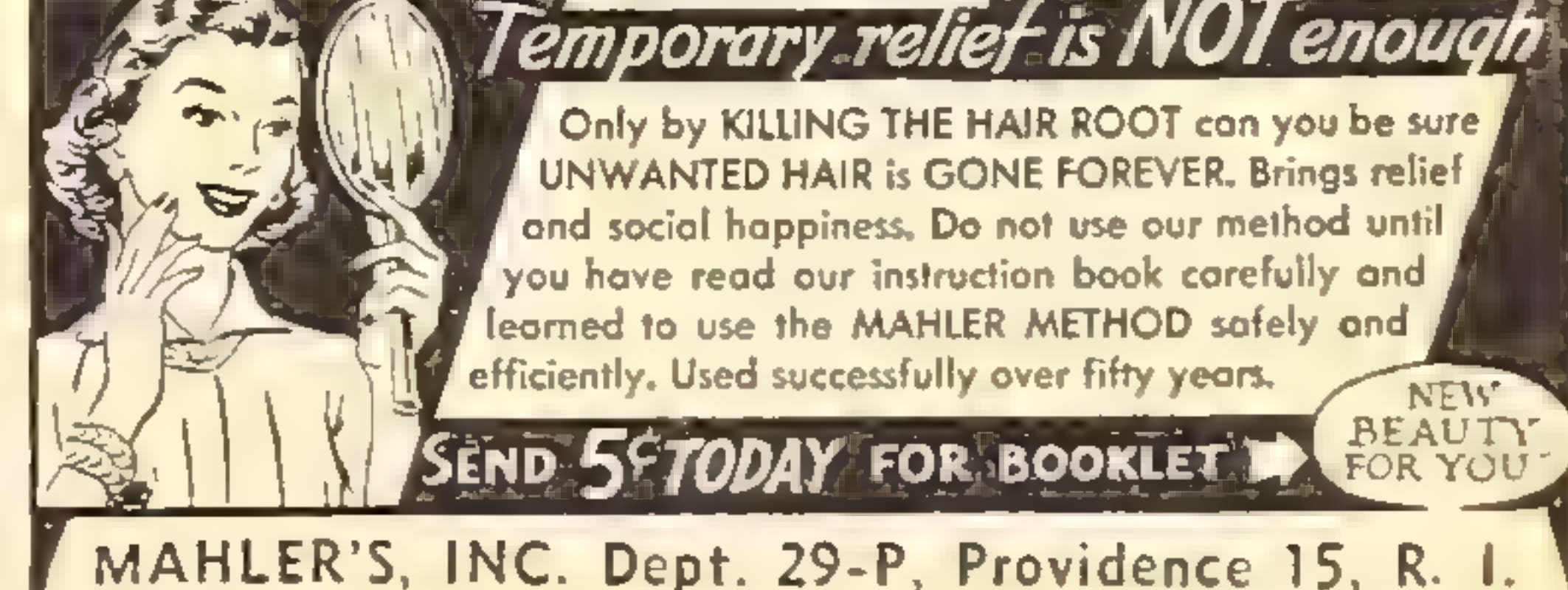


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Realizing that her masseuse had been kept waiting far past her appointment, I rose to go. Claudette rose, too.

"Being separated is no fun. Every woman who loves her husband knows just what I mean. There's no exact way to describe the feeling of loneliness. I've tried, so have millions of other women. Poets, novelists, and script writers have taken a stab at it, but no one has ever succeeded in capturing completely that

relentless emptiness which you feel inside."

She picked up her poodle as she spoke, began to pat it affectionately. "It won't be long before we'll be together again," she added. Suddenly, she huddled the dog to her, almost fiercely. She looked at me, her luminous eyes clouded. Then she smiled—a woman in love, a woman anticipating the fulfillment of her love. "No, it won't be long." **END**

MORE GOLD FOR BING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

"Dixie had a little personal insurance, that's all."

Under California law, half of a husband's property legally belongs to his wife, and on her death, he must pay inheritance tax on that part of the property she wills to him.

Lest you get the impression, however, that Bing's payment of the tax will leave a great dent in his fortune, his latest decision about working for a living will set you straight. Bing wants to take life easy, so unless he wins a demand for a casual radio show, he may wind up off the airways for the first time in 22 years.

"He figures he ought to take it easy," explained Larry. "He wants to do a radio show that's straight music without any guests or extras. It's easier. He doesn't want to do the same thing he's been doing for so many years."

If Bing retires from radio, however, he may show up on TV, if he can find an acceptable story idea. But again, his stipulation is—he doesn't want to work too hard. Being the world's most famous and richest crooner, (even after paying that inheritance tax) he doesn't have to. He's even cutting down on his movie work. "Little Boy Lost" was his only picture all year. He has just returned to Paramount for "White Christmas" with Danny Kaye and Vera-Ellen.

Has his massive wealth—a mint in good, interchangeable American currency, careful local and foreign investments, and important world-wide holdings in everything from real estate to electronic patents—changed Bing?

Has it done anything to the real integral character of the penniless troubador, trying to find himself in show business . . . when a Friday night's check as singer in a band didn't stretch further than the following Monday?

Not a bit of it!

"Money," he once told this writer, "is a very necessary thing. Most people need lots of it to survive. I need lots of it only to make other things—other people thrive. Progress in life comes only when there is money to support projects which make such progress possible."

"If some of my earnings can help make this a better world to live in," Bing went on, "I shall be content."

Then he went a little further. "I can—with my four boys—always exist comfortably on the income from my various interests. We'll never be poor, but on the

other hand, we'll never be rich unless I can help my fellow beings."

You've heard all sorts of stories about the Midas Touch of Bing Crosby. How one day he will invest \$100,000 in a purely speculative business, and another day refuse a few hundred dollars to help someone who might greatly benefit from financial aid. Here's the true story:

"Bing," says a business associate, "is a generous, a kindly man. But like all good, successful business men, he is a tough, careful-thinking, slow investor. He doesn't like to be rushed—or taken!"

Everett Crosby, his astute brother who handles most of the business details of the vast Crosby empire, has this to say. "He would rather lose a small fortune in a worthy effort, than believe he has been imposed upon for a minute sum in a careless promotion."

Behind these words lies the long experience of the Crosby firm. Because Bing's Things are so successful and profitable, almost everyone believes that (a) he is good for a quick soft touch, and (b) there is so much liquid money available that anything is worth a gamble.

Nothing is further from the truth. Bing does not give indiscriminate hand-outs, nor is he an outright gambler. Every proposition is screened carefully by Bing, his business associates, and an army of experts in every field of production, merchandising, marketing, publicizing.

Bing Crosby has made a fortune in cattle, real estate, mining ventures, race-tracks, television projects, gadgets sold in drug and department stores, frozen orange juice, and independent moving pictures—where he has the first and final say-so, and invariably ends with the controlling interest.

JANE RUSSELL'S SHOWER ROOM INTERVIEW

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

with everything stacked perfectly in the right departments. Jane has a tiny waist, voluptuous hips and long, shapely legs—not to mention what Jane has always been famous for. Most amazing is the exquisite glow and sheen to her skin that would set a sculptor into a rhapsodic conflagration of adjectives.

Me? What was I doing there? How did I happen to know Jane so well? I

Many of his biggest and most profitable interests are unknown to the general public. He has done business with the Army and the Navy. Scientifically, the Crosby Foundation has produced many things, via the testing laboratories of Cal-Tech University, to make this a better world to live in.

"Mr. Crosby, when the record is written," says Dr. Milliken, president-emeritus of Cal-Tech, "will be seen as a great benefactor to humanity. He has given his money, his time, his influence to not one—but a thousand plans to better life tomorrow. It may be a long time before many of the results are known, or are made to work, but it's no secret that already a great deal of good has been done."

Today royalties pour in from almost every Crosby enterprise—but the money often pours out even faster to take care of a project that might insure peace, increase human health, or provide sustenance for a worthwhile endeavor.

Very few tycoons with the ability to invest millions in one deal or another turn a willing ear to others not so fortunate. Bing is one of them. Recently his two very good friends, lyricist Johnny Burke and composer Jimmy Van Heusen, who had written the score for the new Broadway musical, "Carnival In Flanders," put in a call to Bing in Europe.

"We got bad notices in Philadelphia," they said. "We have to make Los Angeles for the run at the Philharmonic Auditorium, but we haven't got the money for the trip."

Cold, hardened businessman Bing Crosby didn't ask what the advance in ticket sales was. All he was told was that they needed a mere \$30,000 to move the show to Los Angeles. "The bank balance is yours," said Bing. "Good luck, boys."

Bing Crosby frequently does things like that. His daily mail is flooded with appeals for money for one venture after another. Some of them get financed, most of them don't. But all receive consideration.

Recently someone asked Bing what he was going to do with all his money—a question along the lines of "You know you can't take it with you."

"I've got four boys," said Bing, succinctly, "and I want them to get along. They've got a couple of centuries—or more—among them to live and let live. They can do that if Pop comes through."

Chances are that Pop will come through. **END**

first met her a few years ago in Russell Birdwell's office when she was about to be introduced to the world. It was a hot day, and I presume at Mr. B.'s suggestion, Jane was wearing a transparent blouse through which her bra showed. This left no doubt that this "perfect 38" had no use for falsies. (Today those jokes and that publicity sound absolutely corny to Jane.)

Jane was just out of high school at the time and told me about being a dental assistant, about posing for commercial illustrator Tom Kelly, who later was to photograph Marilyn Monroe for that famous calendar. Hesitantly, she admitted she was dating Bob Waterfield, the football star. She was taking her tremendous buildup in stride, her romance was more important. It was nice suddenly to have a career, but Jane actually hadn't gone after it. World War II was on then and she was far more interested in Bob and their plans to marry, and if he would be sent overseas.

That was 12 years ago. Jane and I have been friends ever since then.

Recently I met Jane at "Tail O' The Cock" in the Valley. Always punctual, she arrived fifteen minutes late, wearing a shantung navy blue dress, with a halter neck and no back and carrying a blue mink stole!

"I'm sorry," she said, "but they started a picture layout up at the house at nine o'clock this morning, and when I tried to leave they wanted just one more, and then another and! I brought this stole with me, because we're going out to dinner tonight with Mary and Vincent Price, and with my afternoon schedule there's not a chance to go back home later."

Jane ordered a chicken salad with buttered rye toast. "You should see my house. The photographers were up there before we were up! The beds are not even made—yet!"

Jane told me about her new picture, "French Line," which she is making at RKO. "It's the living end," she said. (*Everything terrific is "the living end" with Jane.*)

"You should get a load of me in this picture," Jane said. "The designer, Howard Greer, has really gussied me up in a wardrobe that includes 22 changes. I play a very rich girl. I'm a Texan with nothing but oil wells. Imagine what that would be like—if it were real," she stopped to contemplate.

Speaking of clothes, I asked Jane whether she invests fifty thousand a year (*a figure tabulated as modest by a best dressed star*) in clothes?

"Are you kidding?" With an incredulous arch of eyebrows, Jane said, "Go up to my house and take a look into my wardrobe. And prepare for the shock of your life!"

"You'll see some suits, slacks, treads, pants, blouses and sweaters. You'll see my one mink coat, which, by the grace of the Waterfield bookkeeping and budgeting, I didn't get until four years ago. And this stole came along when it could fit in as a necessary investment in our financial picture."

In the middle of her chicken salad Jane exclaimed, "May, I'm sorry, but I have to run. I am due at Terry Hunt's for an hour's exercise. Those extra pictures this A.M. loused up my day."

"Could you finish your salad and follow me down and we can talk while I take my massage at Terry's?"

Of course I would. And since Jane's house sits on a mountain top, three minutes away, I told her I would take her up



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on her idea and look into her clothes closet myself!

"Okay, but you'll find the bed isn't made," she said—and she was gone.

I drove up a few winding roads to find Jane's mansion perched like an eagle's nest with full command of the valley and view. It is a very unusual house with the entrance hall adorned with two pieces of rare antique; the cozy den carpeted with cherry red and comfortable chairs. And on the desk I noticed (*with delight*) a paper which carried my newspaper column. Then the big sunken living room with one side all glass and the divans below floor level around the huge fireplace. Then I entered Jane's bedroom.

Yes, the bed was unmade, as Jane said, with the grey velvet cover thrown back. It is refreshing to know that movie stars' homes aren't spic and span every second, and to meet one who admits she's a human being and lives like other people.

I quickly opened her wardrobe door, and as she had said, instead of a dozen bouffant evening gowns and enough fur pieces to go into the fur business, as you see in most movie queens' homes, Jane's was practically bare. There were the outdoor and house-type clothes she had described. On racks were many pairs of unusual shoes. Jane loves to collect shoes. It is her personal hobby.

Jane's housekeeper smiled, while I apologized for snooping, which I assured her I was doing on Jane's invitation.

"Absolutely no men admitted" said the big sign on Terry Hunt's door, where all the movie stars go to keep their shapes in trim. I found Janie working out with weights—the secret of her sheen and glossy figure. One-two-three-four-five! Jane lifted a heavy bar-bell up and down twenty times. It seemed effortless, but Mr. Hunt said it weighed 50 pounds!

"If more movie queens would do this, they'd have better figures!" Mr. Hunt said with a pleased look at Jane. Then, "You've had it, Miss Russell. Go and get your shower!" Jane motioned to me "Come along."

We opened another door marked "No admittance," and walked back towards the showers, and wham! Right into a life-size autographed picture of Marilyn Monroe endorsed to Terry Hunt—thanking him for her curves being in the right places or words to that effect.

"There's Baby Doll, sweet kid," Jane remarked without even a thought of "My picture should be there."

A woman attendant ushered us to a dressing room, and Jane immediately started peeling off her clothes.

No matter which way she turned, under the shower, every pose was worth a Tom Kelly Calendar!

Jane stepped out of the shower, briskly dried herself with the turkish towel, radiating sparks of the natural Russell charm.

On the massage table, under a white sheet, she laughed. "Well, I told you the truth about my wardrobe!"

"You seem to have worked out your life wonderfully well," I said. "Your house was in apple pie order. Your housekeeper sang your praises."

"Don't pay any attention to that," Jane said, playing it down. "I've been very lucky. When I see the kids who hang around the studios after the day's work, because they don't have any other life—unless someone asks them for a dinner date to Ciro's or some Hollywood party—well!

"I have always believed that every girl should marry. And marriage should come first," she continued, "You're made that way. Your constitution and needs are set up that way. Of course, a girl has to be willing to take on the responsibilities of marriage to make it successful and happy. You can't say to a marriage, 'stay there until I get through working and have time for you,' nor can you be geared to thinking only of yourself.

"Robert and I were not something incidental that happened along the way to each other. Our marriage is the most important thing in our lives. I was pretty fortunate in the beginning that I didn't make a picture immediately after 'Outlaw.' For almost three years I was with Robert getting my chance to be a real wife, my every thought and action was built around my marriage to assure it a good foundation. I didn't make 'Young Widow' until three years later.

"I couldn't be happy alone. Since I married Robert, I have never been homesick, no matter where we are. In the Army we traveled and lived away from home, California, for many months. But wherever Robert is, that's home for me!"

Jane, through with her massage, wrapped herself in a huge sheet and en route to a dressing room we passed the steam room. Jane said, "I never take that. I don't like to get my hair messed, besides it gives me claustrophobia. Some girls take their lunch and stay in there by the hour."

"Miss Russell doesn't need to—with such a figure," the woman attendant murmured.

END

YOU MUST FALL IN LOVE!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

mustered up enough courage to depart from the stereotype.

Dinah gave no answer but in her heart she knew that her marriage had given her confidence enough to be herself.

Those who remember the very young Dinah a few years ago, getting her start

in New York, recall that the loveliness of today was not entirely predictable. The fledgling Dinah fell madly in love with a chap who admired her, but whose emotions weren't, by any means, as deeply involved as those of the dark-eyed belle from Nashville.

The girl who appeared to be his ideal was sleek, sophisticated, soignée. A classic type, she could sit for hours without saying a word and yet seem engrossed in whatever was happening. She could wear daring clothes and make them seem as conventional as tweeds for the country. She could speak her mind with blunt brevity, and her observations would be quoted for days.

To Dinah misty with wistfulness and burning with jealousy, this creature seemed more goddess than human. Inevitably, Dinah began to imitate her arch-rival. In every respect in which this girl seemed enchanting to Dinah, Dinah sought to duplicate the charm.

This new and strange Shore personality was tried one evening at a very large party. Dinah, ordinarily effervescent, had nothing to say. She smiled languidly.

"Oh, please, Dinah," said one friend. "Come off it."

A smart girl, finding a bridge washed out, simply retraces her steps and makes a fresh start. Perhaps, thought Dinah, what was needed was merely a stepped up version of her natural vivacity. She bought a more daring dress than she had ever previously attempted, and she wore it with what she hoped was an air of assured ease. Internally, she quailed.

From her college French she remembered a word that haunted her consciousness: *gauche*. (Pronounced "goash" it means bashful, clumsy, awkward.)

Having diagnosed her own ailment, Dinah decided to cure herself. She took stock. She was not the sophisticated type, so she would not pretend to be. She had read that tired old adage "Be yourself" and she intended to follow it. The problem was that she didn't know who she was, or exactly *what* she was, or how to be herself.

Yet all the time her career thrived. She was singing at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City one Summer, and she was a smash hit. Because her dressing room was so hot, she spent her time between her own appearances watching the movie, a modest number titled "The Cowboy And The Blonde." The male star was a newcomer to Hollywood named George Montgomery. Dinah, sitting through about nine showings per day, began to know George better than any boy she had ever dated.

During the ensuing Autumn, Dinah came to Hollywood, a city which—in the matter of shaking a girl's aplomb—is the atom bomb of shattering experiences. Dinah, a sensitive and perceptive soul, looked around her and tried to suppress the quivering of her spine. She felt like a canary who has wandered into the peacock pen.

During this period Dinah was asked to sing at a tremendous benefit to be given at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. She accepted as usual, stood—thrilled as a novice—on the stage side of the curtain and peeked through a small hole at the gathering audience. When she saw George Montgomery stride down the aisle, she plucked the coat sleeve of a friend and whispered, "There he is—



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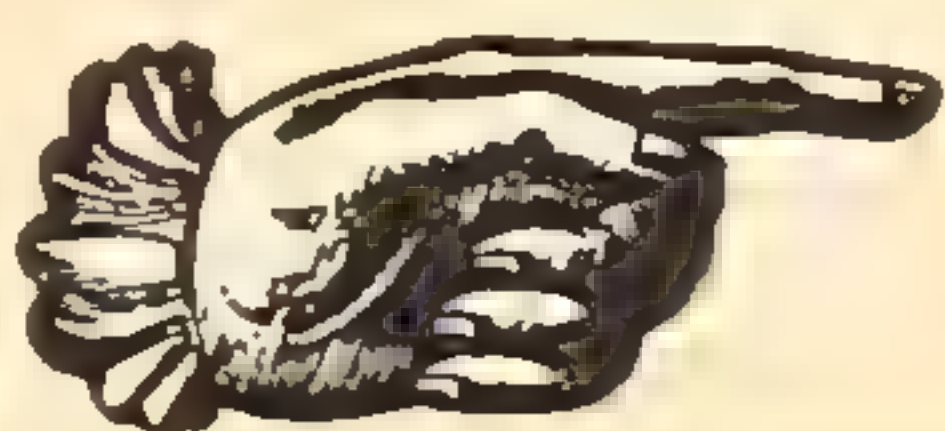
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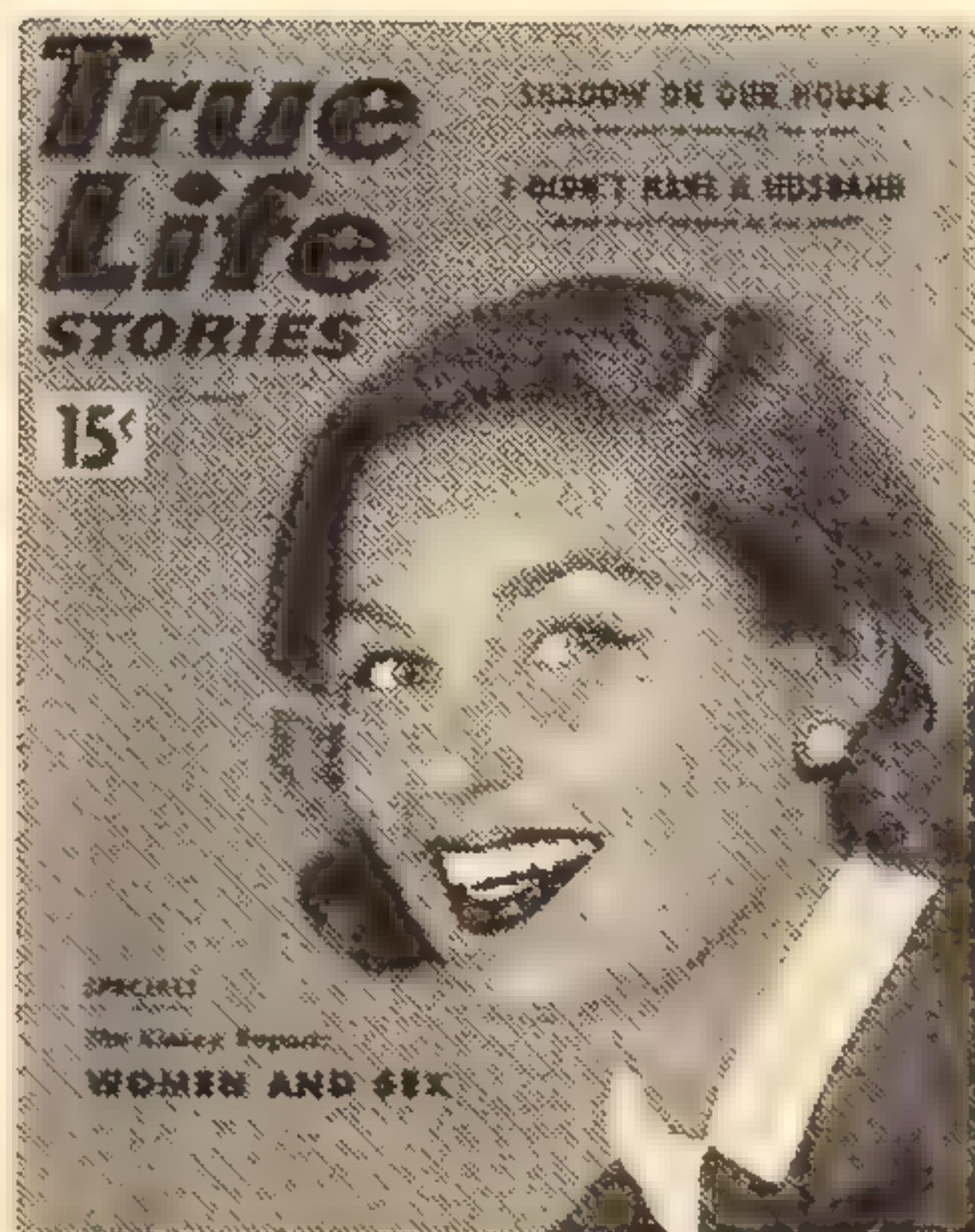
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that's the man in the picture in Atlantic City. The actor I have a crush on . . . and he's even better in person!"

The lovely lady on George Montgomery's arm that night was Hedy Lamarr, a situation to discourage even the most ardent fan.

One day, early in November, 1942, Dinah was asked to sing at the Hollywood Canteen.

When she entered the Canteen the first person she saw was Al Melnick, the agent, who casually listed a number of celebrities who would be serving at the Canteen that evening. Among them was George Montgomery.

"Do you suppose I could meet George Montgomery," Dinah blurted. "He's cute."

"He's standing right behind you," said Mr. Melnick, performing the introductions.

George looked down from his vast altitude, grinned, and told the kid from Nashville, "I heard you sing at the Shrine Auditorium not long ago. I thought you were a little girl about fourteen years old."

Later in the evening George asked Dinah for a date—the usual Hollywood date: dinner at La Rue, dancing at Mocambo, the last floor show at Ciro's.

For the date Dinah wore a red wool dress of intricate cut. It was a "name" garment, turned out expensively by a

famous designer; every woman who saw it knew its worth. George was oblivious. His attitude said more eloquently than an open declaration could have, "The important thing is the girl herself, not her trappings."

When George told Dinah goodbye at her doorstep at four in the morning he admitted that he wasn't, by nature, a member of the dawn patrol, didn't care to be. How about going for a horseback ride tomorrow morning?

Dinah accepted and the next day opened the door to George standing in a splash of sunshine. Dinah's hair was combed simply and tied back with a ribbon. She was wearing a white shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and jodhpur boots.

"Gee, you look wonderful," said George.

After that, whenever Dinah wore a simple, tailored garment, George would say, "I like that," or "That looks great." He had nothing at all to say about the frou-frou taffetas and the over-fussy brocades.

But more than that, infinitely more important than what Dinah was learning about coiffeur and clothing, was what she was learning about herself. She says nowadays, "How I looked to George was the way I wanted to look to myself."

She had discovered the timeless truth that the only worthwhile mirrors are the eyes of one's beloved.

END

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

trek East for a new play early next Summer. Bogey will go along just for the ride.

At Jay and Yolanda Saylor's lavish sit-down dinner party for 40 to welcome Don Loper back from Europe, and writer Sean O'Shea in from New York, John Payne and Sandy Curtis asked the other guests to suggest a suitable honeymoon resort for them. Places from Las Vegas (where they met) to Jamaica, B. W. I. to Mexico and Brazil were recommended, but it was Reggie Gardiner who came up with the perfect honeymoon haven. "Stay right home here in Beverly Hills. Why go away from the very place you're coming back to? There's no place like home, especially for honeymooners!"

Cobina Wright, Sr.'s elaborate party at Ciro's for Connie Moore (who opened there two nights later) brought out the topflight Hollywood stars in all their finery. The popular night club was swarming with celebrities who arrived early for cocktails and dinner and stayed late for supper and dancing. Traffic on Sunset Strip was blocked and sidewalk gawkers created a near-panic when Jane Russell arrived with her husband, Bob Waterfield, in tow just as Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie stepped out of their car. Rather than divide their attentions, the autograph fans formed a line that even Jane's professional football star-husband

couldn't break through. Not until the quartet complied with all the signature requests were they permitted to go on ahead and enter Ciro's. The police were unable to do a thing about it.

A notorious bar and cocktail lounge located in the heart of downtown Hollywood (just off Hollywood Boulevard) has suddenly become the newest "kick" with the movie colony "off-beats." The so-called "fun" doesn't start until three or four o'clock in the morning, and the after-hours joint is packed with Hollywood names that would jolt many a movie fan. Old clothes are worn and it's an amazing thing to see Skid Row characters getting chummy with Beverly Hills celebrities, most of whom are adored by teenagers throughout the world. Unsuspecting Hollywood tourists who saunter by the doors would be shocked if they stumbled in around breakfast time . . .

Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney had their first spat in the ultra-swank Rex, Inc., hat shop in Beverly Hills—a big rhubarb over Rosie not wanting to wear a chapeau picked out by Jose. Other femme stars in the salon couldn't believe their ears . . .

The reason Janie Powell couldn't do anything about the insurance policies she and Geary Steffen shared, was that Geary, an executive with the Mitchell

May Insurance company in Hollywood, devised their joint protective certificates himself. The commissions on her policies were one of his biggest assets at the home office. The future Mrs. Gene Nelson got the surprise of her life when she found out . . .

June Allyson wishes former pals back in the East wouldn't insist upon mentioning her age as being 37—June prefers the standard "I'm 28" limit—there are just some things a girl can't take, and her true age is one of them, in the case of June Allyson Powell . . .

Virginia Mayo and her actor husband Michael O'Shea, should have thought first before releasing all that inane publicity about Mike taking lessons on "how to be a father" because of Ginny's pending motherhood. Actor O'Shea must have a short memory—he has two adult children by his first wife, the former Grace Watts, and his grown-up offspring, Edward and Barbara, are somewhat embarrassed by their father's anticipated "fatherhood." The laugh's on Ginny and Mike, and Hollywood characters are living it up with their hilarious private party impressions of the Mayo-O'Shea publicized parenthood . . .

The postponement of "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" disappointed Debbie Reynolds because she had planned her first European vacation upon completion of the film. An unexpected bonus from her studio bosses, however, has Debbie sitting by waiting. She'll take a whole flock of new Helen Rose and Don Loper dresses with her to the Continent and the advance styles indicate she'll be appearing in some pretty orb-popping gowns late in 1954. At the Hollywood-Roosevelt Grill she walked in on the arm of Bob Wagner sporting a form-fitting white satin cocktail dress that would have done credit to Marilyn Monroe . . .

Before their wedding date had been set, John Ericson and Milly Coury picked out a small Beverly Hills bungalow, high in the hills of Benedict Canyon. They were about to sign the lease when they discovered the small apartment over the garage adjoining their home had to be occupied by a free lance writer according to the terms of the lease. Rather than have anyone near them, particularly a scribe who tips off Hollywood columnists on the doings of screen stars, John and Milly balked, and decided against moving in. They'll house hunt later . . .

Hollywood's Ten Best Dressed Actresses are Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck, Lisa Ferraday, Diana Lynn, Eve Arden, Esther Williams, Arlene Dahl, Jane Powell and Jeanne Crain, and in that order. We won't list the ten worst dressed off-screen femme stars because their fans would be aghast, but we can hint by telling you Shelley Winters, Greer Garson, Mitzi Gaynor, Terry Moore and Jane Russell are getting careless enough to warrant consideration for that particular roster . . .

The John Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) are greatly concerned over their 13-year-old-son, Michael, who has his heart set on an acting career and wants it now. The teenager is being talked out of it until he's 18.

Guy Madison at Ciro's admitted he'd like to star in a remake of "Farewell To Arms" in the role made memorable by Gary Cooper, but flared up when it was suggested by a neighboring agent that he planned to pattern his movie acting career of the future along the lines of a young Gary Cooper. Guy, one of movieville's quietest and most considerate stars, thought that remark was out of order, said so and left the night club. . . .

John Derek trapped by autograph hounds as he left a cocktail party at the John Morris Art Gallery on Sunset Boulevard, drove off in his convertible with his new, white silk suit ink-spattered by the careless fans. The \$250 suit had to be dyed black . . .

Geraldine Page, "Duke" Wayne's "Hondo" co-star, declined party invitations when the various Beverly Hills hostesses tried to pair her off with eligible bachelors they wished to invite to "dress up" their soirees. The Page girl wanted to come alone or not at all. The only bids she accepted were those of Cobina Wright, Sr., Jay and Yolanda Saylor, Donald and Valerie Nelson . . .

Residents of Beverly Hills talk about nothing except the fabulous refurbishing job done by Doris Duke on Falcon's Lair, former home of the late Rudolph Valentino. The World's Richest Girl has poured thousands of dollars into the manston, long considered a jinx house and her specially constructed rumpus room, sound proofed and equipped with every known game of chance and enough musical instruments to make Xavier Cugat happy, is destined to be Hollywood's newest favorite party site.

Fredric March and Walter Pidgeon aren't seeing eye-to-eye on Dore Schary's shooting script of "Executive Suite." The film, which also co-stars June Allyson, Shelley Winters, Barbara Stanwyck and William Holden, will be done a la "Grand Hotel" and Pidgeon doesn't like the proposal that all the stars in the epic will be listed alphabetically on movie marquees, inasmuch as the March role is a subordinate part. Schary and March may work out that problem by padding Freddie's role . . .

Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero were in a heated discussion in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel before he left for South America. Eavesdroppers report it was a business conference indicating what has long been suspected by Hollywoodites, that Joan and Cesar are joint owners of several valuable pieces of Beverly Hills real estate . . .

Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard slipped into the Saddle and Sirloin Cafe at Bak-ersfield, California, and hotly denied they

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had just been secretly married. They became so incensed at other celeb patrons being so persistent in teasing them, they ankled out of the place in a huff—Cy first with Gloria trailing behind...

Clark Gable plunked down \$3,000 for a Schiaparelli-designed evening gown which Suzanne Daddole Dabadie was modeling for the famous Parisian designer in her celebrated salon in Paris. Glamorous Susie got the gown, Clark got the kick out of surprising her with it. Schiaparelli, of course, got the loot...

Peggy Lee and her spouse, Brad Dexter, battle right out loud in Hollywood night clubs—but it's purely for laughs and busybodies who think otherwise are falling for the gag.

Eddie Cantor wishes his daughter Marilyn would settle down and get married and skip trying to break into show-business circles. Her new night club act with two male singers is getting her nowhere fast...

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz will soon hit the high income tax bracket that is enjoyed (?) by Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and other rich movie personalities...

Nome, Alaska, will never be the same now that the small town, hard by the Bering Sea, has been invaded by Hollywood in the persons of actress Dorothy Arnold, singer Michael Rayhill, scribes Lynn Bowers and Sean O'Shea, photographer Peter Perri and this reporter. At

least that is the opinion of the Nome Visitors Association who sponsored a weeks' visit for the group to the gold-laden beach town in cooperation with Alaska Airlines. Wearing a flock of especially designed Lago gowns and bathing suits, it was the ex-Mrs. Joe Di Maggio who was able to show the Nome natives a thing or two—the kind of things that make Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell and Janet Leigh so popular with the movie-going public in Alaska.

With awe-struck eskimos serving as suitable background, it was Dorothy Arnold and Mike Rayhill emerging from the waters of the Bering Sea, that gave the Nomites their first taste of life as it is lived in Hollywood. Spurning any warmth-giving togs, the two young film personalities frolicked in and out of the surf while more than fifteen white (belogia) whales were sighted offshore. Proving there are movie fans scattered throughout the world, members of the visiting group were constantly being besieged with questions about Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Elizabeth Taylor, Tony Curtis, Tab Hunter and Farley Granger. When Rayhill, Charlie Morrison's newest singing discovery at the Mocambo, entertained the populace at Nome's Wallace Hotel in the Bering Sea Club, the requests for songs ranged from "Trail Of The Lonesome Pine" to "Ruby." Mark the Nome, Alaska, area as Hollywood's next big vacation playland—John Payne, Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Andrea King, Debbie Reynolds and Rock Hudson are but a few of the stars who will be trekking north to Nome come Spring in search of fish, game and gold... END

ARE MOVIE STARS DOPES?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"We play '20 Questions,' along with the program, at home," Jimmy says. "My wife and I never miss the show—and our friends always run over for a cup of sugar just at game time—then they forget the sugar, stay to match wits with the panelists. It's a lot of fun," he added, wagging his lower jaw in a perfect Stewart imitation.

Jimmy performed nobly as a guest on the show's panel, not so long ago. Not only that, he and Mrs. S. hung around, played the game some more with the panel-regulars, for half-an-hour after the show was off the air. "They were like two enthusiastic kids," the report was.

"20" (also heard on Mutual radio) has won citations as the foremost educational show on the air. It's entirely unrehearsed, and fast—a stupid-oaf guest would wreck the show. No denizen of the film capital has ever thus brought dishonor to the fair name of Hollywood. Least of all, Gloria Swanson.

Miss Swanson—a few million people are in on the secret, so here goes—is a graduate of the silent-film era, complete with gilded bathtub, DeMille in puttees, Gloria in the tub. Those days, there was a

premium on looks—brains were a handicap which could be overlooked if you knew someone. Gloria was automatically rated as a looker and a clothes horse. It's true that the petite Swanson looks better in rags than most women do in Dior's latest, but this clothes horse also owns, and personally operates, a factory that makes commercial abrasives. You should hear her talking shop with the abrasive tycoons!

"On '20 Questions,'" I was told, "Gloria did herself proud—was a credit to the acting profession. She also broke the news that she had just started a large dress-making firm."

When Eleanor Steber, the opera singer, was rushed to a hospital for an emergency appendectomy just before she was due to be on "20," the show's producer simply phoned actor Sonny Tufts. Unflustered, Tufts did a spectacularly-good job. Sonny, by the way, is a Yale man. Jimmy Stewart went to Princeton. These are dopes?

The regular experts on the show, you'll be enchanted to learn, are: Jay Jackson, moderator; panelists: Fred Van Deventer, the news analyst who invented the game's

radio/TV form; Florence Rinard (*Mrs. Van*), a musician; Herb Polesie, radio & movie producer; and Dick Harrison, a 14-year-old student who just succeeded Johnny McPhee, now taking graduate work at Cambridge University. He originally replaced Bobby Van Deventer, who used grandmother McGuire's name so there wouldn't be too damn much family here. A guest star is chosen from movies, stage, television or public life.

From the films come such peachy guests as Pat Neal, who's not only peachy, but also witty, and quick on the trigger. Pat announced her marriage to Raoul Dahl, magazine writer, member of the RAF, and the one who coined the word *gremlin*. He had become addicted to the show by way of the Armed Forces Radio Service, insisted that Pat try to get on the show.

Wendy Barrie received an ultimatum from her dear old mother, in Ireland, a faithful listener via the BBC. "Th' back o' me hand to ye, darlin', if yer not on th' show someday," the sweet old lady said, and meant. Who could resist such charm? And so sweet, and so strong, her revered mother

"20" likes to say it's a "mental shower bath, whose refreshing waters are the questions on things animal, vegetable and mineral." Using the code A for animal, V for vegetable, and M for mineral, leave us—sorry—let us peek at some of the bruisers people have sent in to hornswoggle the experts. Could you have guessed:

The Augusta National Golf Club (VM)?
Rip Van Winkle's Beard (A)?
An Income Tax Blank (VM)?
Sherlock Holmes' Violin (AVM)?
The Snakes That St. Patrick Drove Out Of Ireland (A)?

Funnily enough, these didn't bother the panelists in the least—movie visitors knocked off three of them. What did stump them, however, were two esoteric items—a clothespin, and a turnip!

Macdonald Carey is so enamored of "20," that he requests a recording to run off at home if he has to miss seeing, or hearing, a session. "Mac was on the panel for the seventh anniversary show," said a spokesman. "He turned in his customary bangup job, complete with subtle humor. At a party, afterwards, he was introduced to over 30 people. Four hours later, when they were leaving, Mac shook hands with all 30 and called each by name. That's a feat!"

The official "20" word on these quote Hollywood dopes unquote is that they do fully as well as any other particular type, "in fact, our best educators aren't a bit better."

And they're not buttering up the stars—don't have to—anyone tapped for the program is tickled pink. After all, "20" has so-far received 15 million letters—which is quite an audience. Especially since they don't give fancy prizes, à la 20-room furnished home; limit themselves, instead, to two inexpensive ones available to those sending in quiz-subjects. If their subject is used, the prize is a dictionary. If the panel muffs it, an encyclopedia. To contestants accustomed to winning refrigerators, these would

seem extremely dull, but 15 million eager beavers disagree.

Movie star guests, same as the others, get very little briefing before the show begins. The animal, etc., classifications are defined, they're told they must guess the subject within 20 questions (*addressed to the moderator*) to win, and are cautioned against speaking except when addressed by the moderator. But if there is one thing "20" is touchy about, it's even the mere hint that the panel is ever tipped off, in advance, about the answers. Conclusions are reached solely via logic, deduction, memory and knowledge.

"We can document that!" they say grimly. Point to the fact that in seven-and-a-half years, only 33 shows have been perfect, i.e., all subjects guessed. "That's proof," they insist, and add: "any higher average would suggest that the show was fixed."

Barbara Britton was one of the smart guests—she's movies and TV. She was watching the show on television, one night, when one of the animal subject's description fitted her—in fact, she was the animal. It delighted her so, she called her agent and told him that she had to be on the show.

Blonde, lovely Virginia Mayo showed up as guest-guesser with actor-husband Mike O'Shea in tow. Mike sat in the audience to encourage his wife. Not really necessary, since many kind gentlemen in the audience devoted themselves to encouraging her

When "20" makes a mistake, it hears about it—the studio switchboard looks like an overdressed Christmas tree. One night the subject was octopus—Moderator Jackson said it was a fish. The switchboard was bursting with flashing lights—one represented the Director of the American Museum Of Natural History. "The octopus," he said, sternly, "is not a fish, it's a mollusk." They never know who's waiting to pounce on an error.

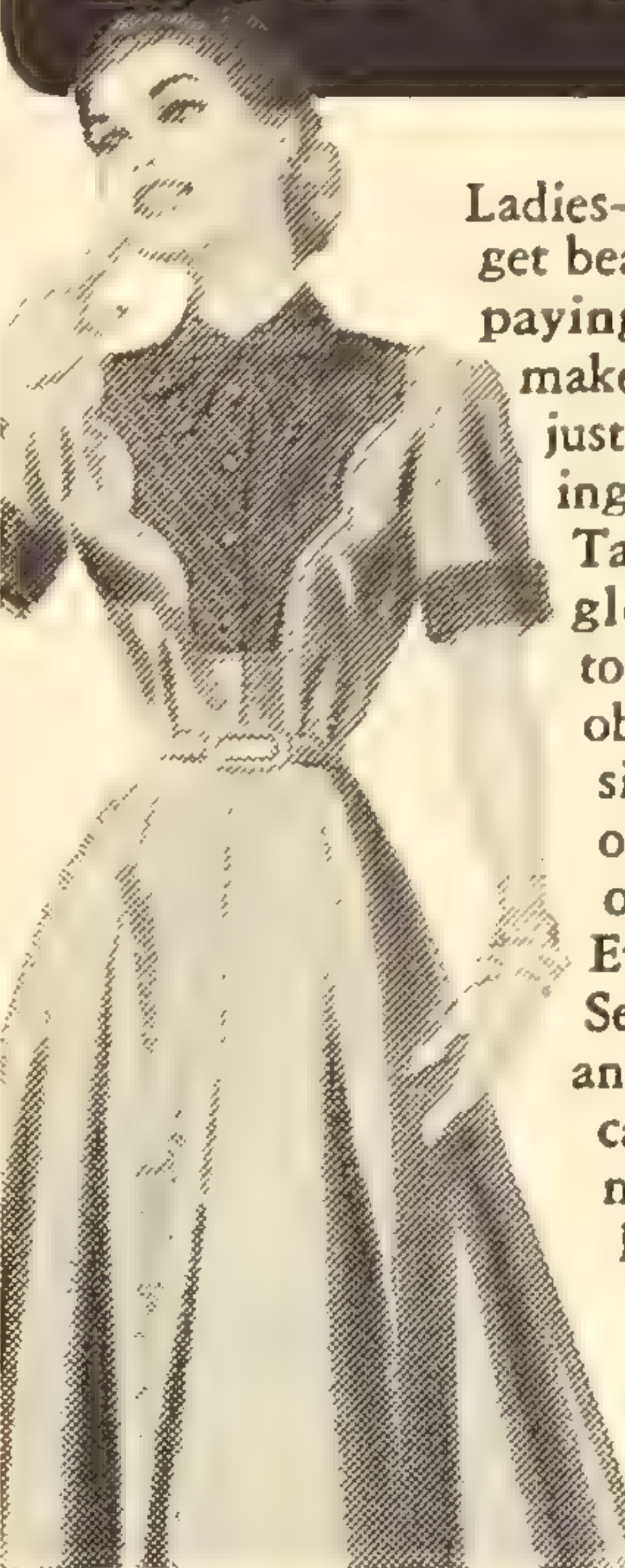
One of the most enthusiastic visitors was Basil Rathbone. He was dressed in evening clothes, had an engagement following "20". Basil was in sparkling good form playing the game, enjoyed himself hugely, hated to leave after the program was finished. Looking down at his formal, black clothes, he turned to Van Deventer, said: "I just realized that I look like a folded umbrella"

Director Alfred Hitchcock was his customary intelligent self on his 20-appearance—though he was restrained, in that he didn't try to shock anyone. This is the very same gent who announced, years ago, that actors were cattle.

Kim Hunter, pretty as a picture, and ten times as smart, was both decorative and helpful when she sat in. She was also able to announce that she had just won the Academy Award for her acting in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Did someone say: "They probably stick in a lot of pushover subjects to make it easy for the movie crowd, don't you agree?" The answer is *no*. "The questions are lined up three weeks ahead," "20's" spokesman said, "and they stay just as they are. We barely know ahead of air time who our guest is going to be. And we don't cater to any group. A

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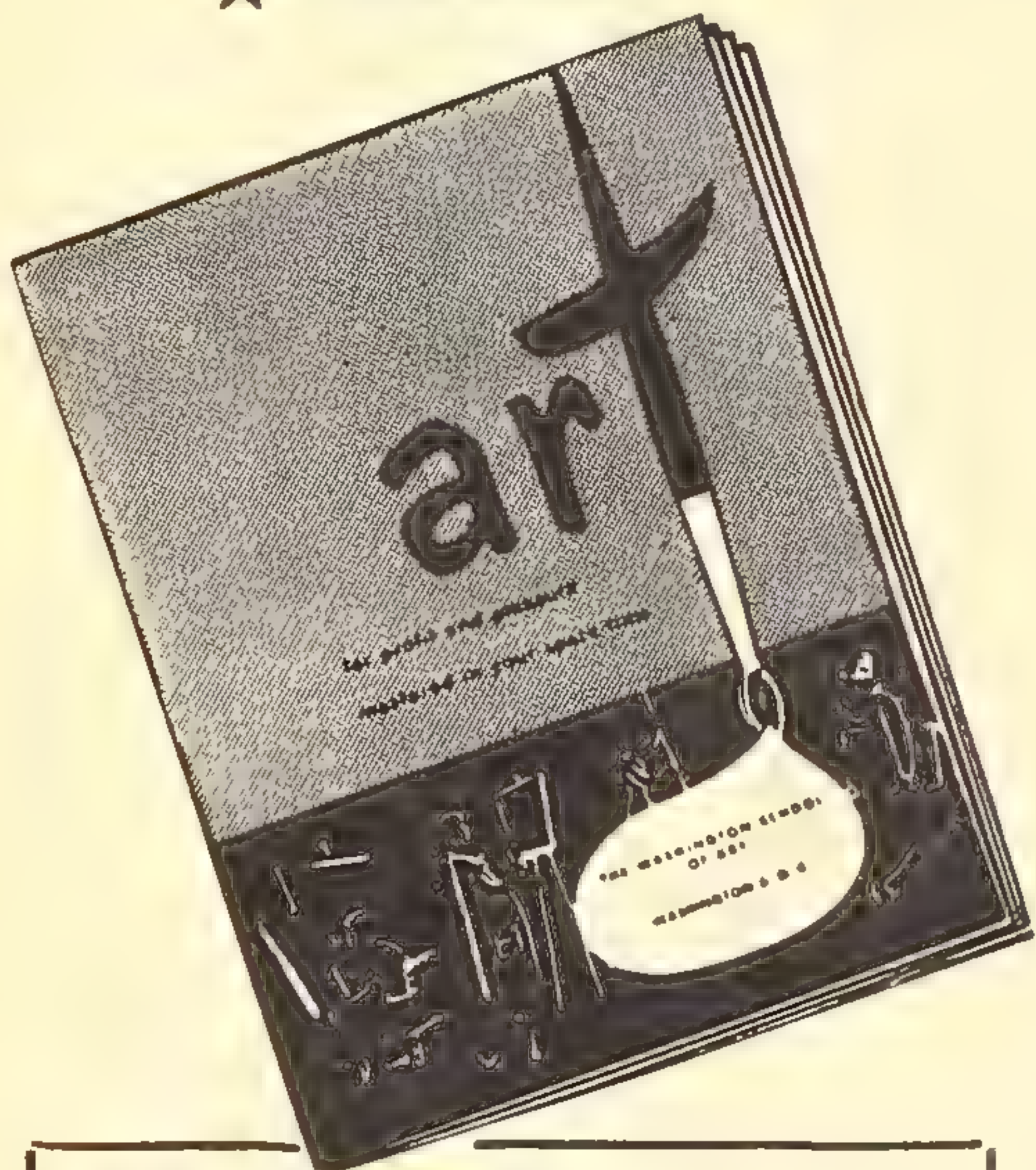


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political question, when a senator was on, would be a coincidence, that's all."

Macdonald Carey has been a guest on "20" on four shows, and they're counting on more of him. Ann Rutherford, momentarily retired from the flickers, has guested here several times.

And speaking of the dreamy Rutherford, let her record represent the movie

bunch. On one show, Ann guessed three subjects—the all-time high for any visiting guest—any category. Since there are only about eight subjects (*plus a few quickies*) on any show, this meant that Ann had, alone, answered almost half the show's questions!

Are movie stars dopes?

What do you think . . .

END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Xavier Cugat will be approached to illustrate the tome, and all the famous stage, screen and TV stars who'll contribute their favorite culinary suggestions will be caricatured sporting pigs' snouts.

Marie Wilson had to be talked out of having a poodle cut to match her new pet, a miniature white French poodle. She was on her way to her Beverly Hills Hotel hairdresser for the new coiffure when she ran into socialite-columnist Cobina Wright, Sr., who talked her out of the idea—it was a close call, or as Irma said, "I almost had a close shave, didn't I?" . . .

Herb Shriner and his "Two For The Money" telecast were auditioned before several thousand servicemen to get the proper reaction before the program's sponsor signed on the dotted line. Now the comedian insists a group of G.I.'s be invited to attend every rehearsal of the show. After each performance they then are his guests for refreshments prior to showtime . . .

Zamah Cunningham, Jackie Gleason's "Mother"—Mrs. Reggie Van Gleason—on "Mr. Saturday Night's" telecast, is being sought to team up with Patsy Kelly for a comedy program tailored along the lines of the old Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy films of yesteryear . . .

For her "White Collar Girl" telefilm series, Laraine Day (*Mrs. Leo Durocher*) wore \$300.00 dresses which will be copied and sold in national department stores next Spring at \$19.95 each . . .

If Joan Crawford has her way (and who's to say she won't?) the credits for her "The World And I" teleseries will credit not only her gowns, furs and jewels, but her bra and foundation garments, manufactured by a concern paying her a royalty annually as fashion consultant . . .

For the Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy telefilm series, "It Seems Like Yesterday," one of the behind-the-scenes consultants is Grace Hayes, one-time vaudeville-cafe headliner, and mother of Peter Lind. A top-ranking star in her day, her son and daughter-in-law accept suggestions she makes particularly for atmospheric music because, "music sets the mood for every emotion—comedy and tragedy—and nothing could be finer than 'Dinah' played softly in the background

for any situation comedy about showbusiness folk," opines the inimitable Grace Hayes . . .

Randy Merriman of "The Big Payoff" thinks his co-star, Bess Myerson, would be fine in a modernized version of "Lysistrata," the Aristophanes classic, on TV. They devote most of their spare time delving through the many former stage versions of the great comedy hoping to come up with a treatment suitable for a 30-minute telecast . . .

It's hard to believe that Warner Anderson, "The Doctor," didn't make his TV debut until two seasons ago when he appeared on Kraft Television Theatre. He's one of the most popular and talented actors we have today. Even more startling is the fact he made his Broadway debut in 1917 in the cast of "Maytime." He's a big bobby-soxer favorite despite his grey-streaked hair . . .

Art Carney who plays, among other characters, Reggie Van Gleason's confused father on the Jackie Gleason show, is actually two years younger than "Mr. Saturday Night." Approached about starring in a TV show of his own, comedian Carney wasn't too enthusiastic. Watching Jackie Gleason work and worry through each of his programs, must be the reason Carney's settling for his featured position in the TV Hall of Fame . . .

I wonder if sometimes Ruthie Gilbert wouldn't like to let loose on the Milton Berle show with a dramatic interpretation of "Uncle Miltie's" bird-like secretary. Acclaimed now for her scatter-brained *Maxine*, the actress won Broadway raves when she created the role of the shoplifter in "Detective Story," a sizzling, crackling drama. When she isn't rehearsing for the Berle program, she studies dramatic technique and just in case her fans won't believe it, she's memorizing "Victoria Regina," "Twelfth Night" and "Mary Of Scotland" plays which once starred Helen Hayes on Broadway—determination is one of *Maxine's* greater assets. It's Ruthie Gilbert's, too! . . .

Johnny Johnston's plan to enter the TV private eye field has a novel twist—he'll be a romantic troubadour-type (complete with mandolin, guitar and uke) and track down the criminal-at-large by plucking strings and singing a song instead of totting a gun and smoking a pipe . . .

Ann Sheridan is making so much money on TV in Mexico City, she plans living below the Border, six out of every twelve months. A new TV series, incidentally, based on the life of a fictitious female warden in a women's state prison, collapsed when Ann thought the idea good, the script paltry . . .

Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich's daughter and a successful TV star in her own right, recently journeyed to Israel to make a series of films for television. After the completion of one, the company found itself without funds, and Maria was left high and dry. Marlene came to her rescue but next time she'll think twice about accepting an offer so far away from home.

Lu Ann Simms and Julius La Rosa are signed with the Arthur Godfrey Show through the Summer of 1955—Lu Ann and Julius want it that way despite the fact Arthur would never object if they wished to avail themselves of the many individual Hollywood film offers they have. They'll wait . . .

Russell Arms is wanted for a stage revival of the musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," scheduled to tour South America next Summer. Russ is being offered the role of Dorothy's suitor (the part played in the Jane Russell-Marilyn Monroe screen version by Elliot Reed) and will accept only if his actress-singer wife, Liza Palmer, gets the Jane Russell role—he wants to love Liza onstage as well as off . . .

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who prefers to type his own TV scripts, has been besieged to publicly endorse one of America's leading typewriters. To date he's been photographed diligently pecking away at four different brands of machines, but has declined any personal endorsement.

Dennis O'Keefe and Mary Sinclair are being named, along with Dorothy Hart and Roger Dann, as a prospective "Mister and Miss" team for a new telefilm series which will give both sides to various important questions of the day—the "they're not married" angle to such a show would not restrict the couple to soft-pedaling their individual opinions. Tentative title for the show is "His And Hers" . . .

Clarabell, the silent clown on the "Howdy Doody Show," will be paired off with Mr. Muggs, of Dave Garroway's "Today," during a special Xmas telecast. Both mute performers will enact a five-minute pantomime with Clarabell clowning through a comedy sketch as Santa Claus and the Simian TV star playing the role of a baby boy (suitably dressed) experiencing his first Christmas morning under the Yuletide tree . . .

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 2 to 2:30 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over WABC-TV.

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FINGER TIPS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

works up a rich soap-lather between her hands and massages it, over and over, into her skin. After this comes the nail brush, not just for the sake of banishing any grime that has collected, but to help dispense with scurf skin and stir up healthy circulation. When you do this routine yourself, remember that it's important to use a really mild complexion soap. The most popular one among the screen stars seems to be Lux, and with good reason. It's not drying to the skin, lathers well, has a heavenly fragrance, is long-lasting because it's hard-milled, and costs so little it's a bargain in anyone's budget. The nail brush choice isn't quite so obvious. However, in our own shopping experiences we've been very impressed with the brushes that have those almost indestructible Dupont nylon bristles. They come in delicate pastel shades of pink, blue, green and amber. You'd never guess the prices start at 10 cents, with none higher than 50 cents. There are several models too, so you can have the type that fits your own hand most comfortably. Some are tiny and dainty, others are larger and more business-like. Variety and drug stores everywhere have them.

But to get back to Deborah. Once her hand-washing is completed, this charmer is careful to take time, and enough fresh water, to rinse off every trace of soap, then towel-dry. Right in these two steps lies a large amount of the difference between good and bad hand care. Deborah relies on a good hand lotion, like Cashmere Bouquet, for preventive as well as corrective assistance. She uses it just as conscientiously before she starts any hard-on-hands undertaking as she does after the clean-up that follows. This is an important point to keep in mind. You won't find it hard to carry out now that Colgate-Palmolive-Peet have had the inspiration to provide each De Luxe 9-ounce bottle of Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with a little blue-and-white pump dispenser. You just press down on the top and out comes the amount of this lanolin-rich lotion you need. This is a special offer combination at 69 cents so it would be a good idea to snare your own supply while the getting's good.

Another valuable hand-preserving tip that you can learn from Deborah is the habit of wearing gloves. We're not talking about dress gloves this time but "work" gloves. If you put on a pair of neoprene gloves before you get involved with any detergents, furniture polish, paints, or even hair tints, you'll keep the natural oils in your skin, where they belong. We suggest neoprene gloves specifically because they won't stretch out of shape and get floppy in most household liquids. Ebonettes, made by the Pioneer Rubber Company, are neoprene and sheer enough to let you work comfortably. They're finished inside so you can slip them on and off easily but have a non-skid outer surface that lets you handle wet objects safely. (You'll find them at your favorite variety store—69 cents).

When it comes to manicures, you'll find Deborah's procedure very much like your own except in a few all-important details. For one thing, she has learned that you can't do a good job without good tools, so her equipment includes the finest implements. If you're still struggling along with such essentials as efficient scissors, steel file, and a cuticle pusher, be consoled for this is the moment when Cutex launches a whole series of new sets. Of course they're intended for Christmas gifts but there's no law that says you can't take advantage of a good buy when you see one. Deborah has found that a chip in polish is best dealt with by cleaning off the old lacquer and putting on a fresh coat rather than trying to touch up the offending spot. Like most busy people she gives herself a complete manicure and change of polish only once a week.

Speaking of a change of polish reminds us that it's the time of year when you'll be looking for a color to complement the new fashions. It's a safe bet that Chen Yu's Singing Copper will be one of the top favorites this year. Don't be misled into thinking it's a copper color—it's ac-

tually a zesty, clear red. "Singing Copper" was inspired by the tiny copper love bells of Chinese legend which whispered to lovers of celestial joy and happiness! Love bells or not, it's a beautiful, young color. Perhaps we should tell you, on the chance that you may not have used Chen Yu before, that the nail lacquer is of an exceptional quality. They make it unusually easy to apply too by having two finger rests as part of the shape of the bottle. Clever and practical.

As a final key to lovelier hands, don't forget that the state of your health has a lot to do with the condition of your skin and nails. Brittle nails, dry skin, and poor circulation are often only symptoms of deficiencies that can be easily corrected. Your doctor prescribes for such common conditions almost every day. Chances are he suggests a high-potency formula like Rybutol, to be taken as a supplement to your regular diet. Rybutol capsules contain a fabulous total of twenty-two vitamins and minerals (*they're all listed on the label*). This is a great many more than are available in most popular brands of "vitamins" which frequently don't supply essential minerals and iron at all. **END**

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

Back To God's Country

ROCK HUDSON and his wife, Marcia Henderson, are planning to sail to Seattle to sell their giant fur catch when they receive orders from the Canadian government to stand by for cargo inspection. The order comes from Steve Cochran, who is secretly in love with Marcia, and knows that if Hudson doesn't sail within the week the schooner will be frozen in for the Winter. When Cochran forces his attentions on Marcia, Hudson vows he will kill him. In the ensuing fracas, Rock's leg is broken and he is forced to travel 150 miles across the north country on dog sled. Dodging the couple's footsteps during the perilous journey are Cochran and his men. The chase sequences, set against a glacier background, are particularly thrilling and provide an added upbeat to the already entertaining adventure yarn. **Universal-International.**

The Golden Blade

HERE'S another one of U-I's elaborate Oriental fantasies. Rock Hudson is a commoner who comes to Bagdad to avenge his father's death, but gets sidetracked protecting Princess Piper Laurie from the attacks of an angry mob. He is able to quell the riot single-handed because he has in his possession the magic Sword of Damascus. As a reward for saving his daughter, the Caliph gives Rock a commission in the palace guards where he and his magic sword are called upon many times to protect the royal family from the evil plottings of power-mad George Macready and his son, Gene Evans. If you like make-believe served in a lavish fashion, then this is your magic carpet. **Universal-International. END**

package into Mexico. While en route, Sullivan has a fatal heart attack, which leaves Ford in possession of the packet. It contains three sheets of parchment paper with directions to the treasure. Ford is unaware of his prize possession until archeologist Sean McClory tries to slug him for it; nurse Patricia Medina attempts to trick him out of it, and even alcoholic play girl Diana Lynn makes a bid for it. Unable to translate the ancient code the directions are written in, Ford takes McClory in as a partner. The act is almost fatal, for McClory tries to seal Ford up in the ruins during an elaborate double cross. Produced by John Wayne and Robert Fellows, the film is a fast moving adventure yarn aided by an off-beat setting. **Warner Brothers.**

The Diamond Queen

FERNANDO LAMAS and his friend, Gilbert Roland, arrive in India seeking a diamond to replace the one Fernando's father accidentally ruined while repairing the crown of Louis XIV. Trekking through the jungle, the Frenchmen accidentally come upon the private bathing pool of Arlene Dahl, Queen of Nepal and fiancée of Sheldon Leonard, the Great Mogul of India's diamond capital. Before the queen can pass sentence upon the intruders, the group is attacked by some savage hill people whom Fernando kills by throwing a hand grenade. The grenades are France's new secret weapon, and the moment that Arlene and her fiancé learn of their existence, the film narrows down to who can outwit whom in the diamond-weapon exchange. Miss Dahl and Lamas make an attractive duo and successfully handle the fast action the script calls for. **Warner Brothers.**

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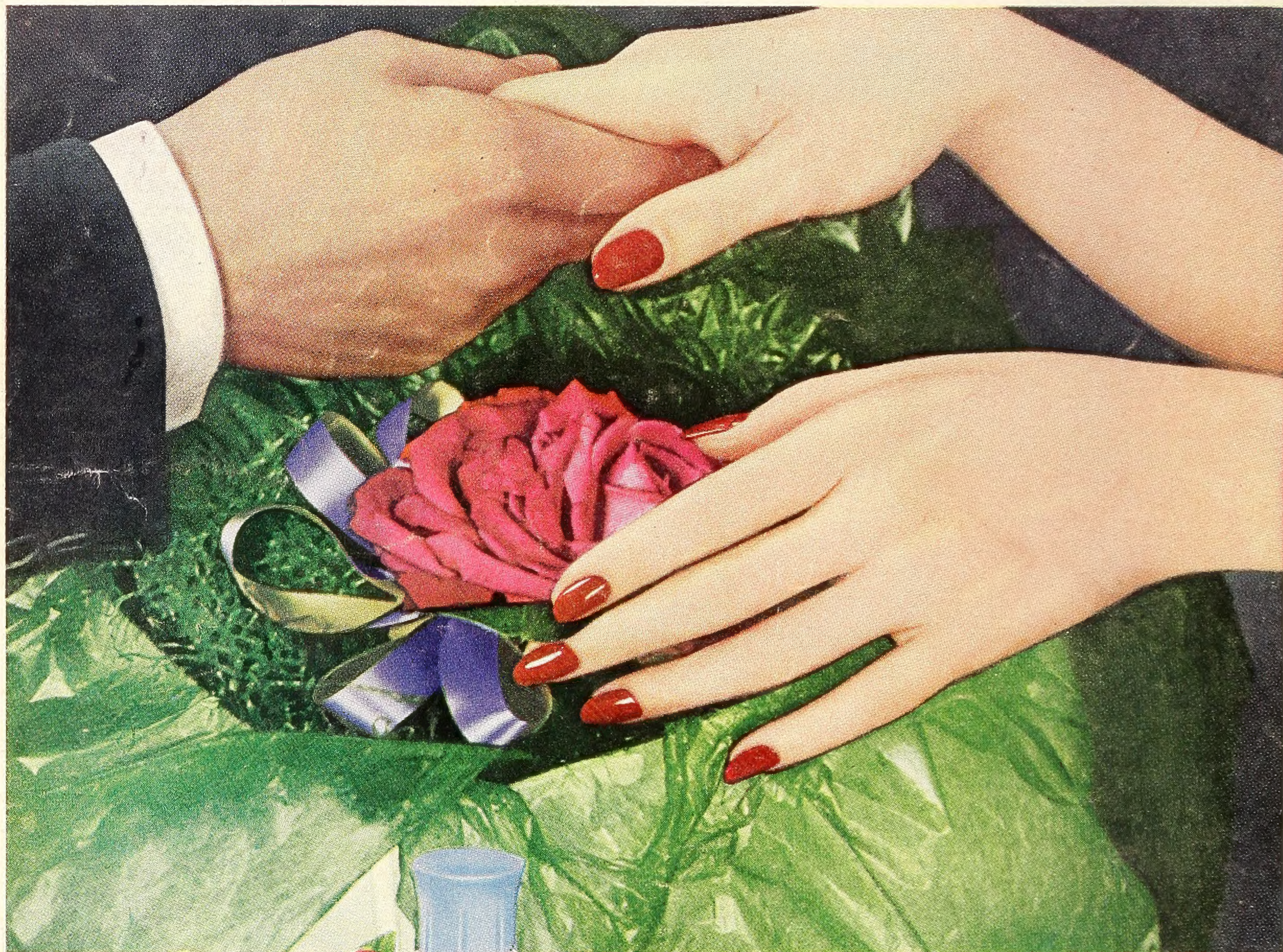


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